East Texas Historical Journal

Volume 21 | Issue 1 Article 1

3-1983

ETHJ Vol-21 No-1

EAST TEXAS Historical Journal

VOLUME XXI 1983 NUMBER 1

EAST TEXAS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

Irvin May	President
Bob Bowman	First Vice President
William J. Brophy	Second Vice President
Ms. Tommie Jan Lowery	Treasurer

DIRECTORS

J. Milton Nance	College Station	1983
John C. Britt	Baytown	1983
Donald R. Whisenhunt	Tyler	1984
Ms. Jewel Cates	Dallas	1984
Ms. Margaret Swett Henson	Houston	1984
James Conrad	Commerce	1985
Joe L. White	Kilgore	1985
Ms. Alice Gilbert	Tyler	1985
Ms. Marion Holt	Beaumont	*ex-President*
Max S. Lale	Marshall	*ex-President*
F. Lee Lawrence	Tyler	*Director Emeritus*
William R. Johnson	Nacogdoches	*ex-officio*
James V. Reese	Nacogdoches	*ex-officio*

EDITORIAL BOARD

Allen Ashcraft	College Station
Robert Glover	Tyler
Ralph Goodwin	Commerce
Bobby H. Johnson	Nacogdoches
Patricia Kell	Baytown
James L. Nichols	Nacogdoches
Bill O'Neal	Carthage
James Smallwood	Stillwater, Oklahoma
James Wilkins	Tyler

Archie P. McDonald
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR AND EDITOR

MEMBERSHIP

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERS PAY $100 annually.

LIFE MEMBERS pay $250 or more.

SUSTAINING MEMBERS contribute to the work of the Association $50 or more.

REGULAR MEMBERS pay $8 dues annually.

STUDENT MEMBERS pay $4 dues annually.

P. O. BOX 6223
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE UNIVERSITY
Nacogdoches, Texas 75962

$5.00 per copy to non-members.
$3.00 per copy to members.

EAST TEXAS HISTORICAL JOURNAL

Volume XXI 1983 Number 1

CONTENTS

Archie P. McDonald, Executive Director and Editor
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE UNIVERSITY P.O. BOX 6223
NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS 75962

BOOKS REVIEWED

DALLAS: THE MAN BEHIND THE NAME

by Harry E. Wade

Dallas is a name familiar to many people throughout the world. The city is known as an international center for trade, fashion and technology, the Dallas Cowboys are known for their winning ways, and now the television serial "Dallas" has become a world-wide sensation. With the name Dallas being a household word with many people, one might naturally wonder about the origin of the name. Who was the man behind the name of a city, a football team and a television series?

This question has perplexed historians for years. Answers to the question are not lacking, but none is convincing. One answer put forth is that the city was named after George Mifflin Dallas, the running mate of James K. Polk in the presidential election of 1844. Since the Polk-Dallas ticket had supported annexation of Texas to the United States, this answer seems plausible. Also, John Neely Bryan, Jr., the son of the founder of Dallas, claimed in a 1906 interview, that "My father named the city and the county for George M. Dallas, vice-president under James K. Polk."[1]

The main difficulty of assuming that George M. Dallas is the man behind the name is that Bryan's village was called Dallas as early as 1842, two years before the presidential election. A diary of a pioneer identified only as W.A.F., published in the old *Dallas Herald*, states:

> In the spring of 1842, streams again flooded; worked below Dallas on the Trinity; visited Dallas in May 1842; found Colonel John N. Bryan and three or four others encamped on the present site of Dallas; there was one solitary log cabin constructed.[2]

Since it is not known when this was written and the use of the word "present" leads one to believe it was written after 1842, this is not conclusive proof that the city was named Dallas as early as 1842.

However, the family memoir of John B. Billingsley who came to Dallas in 1842 lends more credence to that date. Billingsley wrote:

> We had heard a great deal about the Trinity and the town of Dallas. This was the center of attraction. It sounded big in the far-off state. We heard of it often, yes, the place, but the town where was it? Two small log cabins, the logs just as nature found them, the walls just high enough for the door boards and the covering of clapboards held to their place with poles, chimneys made of sticks and mud and old mother earth serving as floors; a shelter made of four sticks for a smith shop, a garden fenced in with brush, and mortar in which they beat their corn into meal. This was the town of Dallas and two families; ten or twelve souls were its population.[3]

Harry E. Wade is an Associate Professor of History at East Texas State University, Commerce.

By 1843 the name appears in Texas newspapers. On September 28, 1843, the *Clarksville Northern Standard* contained a letter signed "An Emigrant." The letter was probably written by one of the agents for the Peters Colony since it contains a description of all the settlements in the colony. The author states:

> It is my opinion that Dallas, or mouth of Elm Fork, may be considered as the head of steamboat navigation, and as a good crossing is now established at Dallas, by its enterprising proprietor (Col. Bryan), I will make that a point from which to give distance to other places, and a further description of that portion of the country.[4]

The November 16, 1843, issue of the *Houston Morning Star,* in speaking of the Peters Colony, mentioned Dallas:

> We have recently learned that the number of families now settled within the limits of Peters' Colony is only twenty-five. These are settled along the east bank of the Trinity near the mouth of Elm Creek and the houses are scattered from Bird's Fort a distance of seventeen miles. Bird's Fort is situated about twelve miles above the mouth of Elm Creek and Dallas 5 miles below it.[5]

If Bryan's village was called Dallas two years before George M. Dallas became nationally known, how could Bryan have had him in mind? Prior to 1844 George M. Dallas was known in Philadelphia as a lawyer and rising political figure, but his reputation had not spread much beyond his home town, much less to the forks of the Trinity.

Did Bryan possibly know Mr. Dallas before he came to Texas? Frank M. Cockrell, who was born in Dallas in the 1850s and knew Bryan in his later years, said that Bryan told him "The town was named for my friend Dallas."[6] Cockrell speculates that Bryan must have meant the vice president and that possibly Bryan knew him in his youth. However, research on Bryan's life before he came to Texas has led to the conclusion that Bryan could not have known George M. Dallas before the 1844 election.[7]

If Bryan did not name Dallas after Polk's running mate, then for whom did he name it? Colonel J. M. Morphis in his *History of Texas,* published in 1874, states that Dallas was named for Commander Alexander James Dallas, the brother of George M. Dallas. Morphis gives no evidence to substantiate his claim except to state that Commander Dallas was for a time stationed in the Gulf of Mexico and might have been in the Dallas area in 1846.[8] Since Dallas was named four years prior to 1846, this position cannot stand.

There is one theory that does not assume that John Neely Bryan was the person who named the village Dallas. Sam Acheson, long-time historian of Dallas, argues that promoters of the Peters Colony who resided in Philadelphia might have been influencial enough to have a

settlement in the Colony named after their friend, George M. Dallas.[8] He does not mention who these Philadelphia investors were and Seymour V. Connor in his authoritative work on the colony makes no reference to Philadelphia promoters.

It is the thesis of this article that Sam Acheson is partially correct; Bryan's village received its name from the promoters of Peters Colony. However, Acheson is probably incorrect in thinking the promoters were residents of Philadelphia and that the village was named after George Mifflin Dallas. If Bryan had started calling his settlement with "two small log cabins" in 1842 Dallas, how could the Billingsley family have heard so much about Dallas before they came to Texas in 1842? This can be explained if we assume that the promoters of the Peters Colony were using and publicizing the name.

Who among the promoters of the Peters Colony selected the name and who was the man behind the name? To answer this question it will be necessary to sketch briefly the early history of the Peters Colony. On February 4, 1841, the Fifth Congress of the Republic of Texas adopted an important land and colonization law entitled "An Act Granting Land to Emigrants." This law was the result of a memorial which had been submitted to Congress by the promoters of the future Peters Colony. The law authorized the President of the Republic to enter into a contract with the twenty men who were listed on the memorial for the purpose of colonizing and settling a portion of the public domain.[10] This act, and the contract which was signed by Samuel Browning for the colonizing company and President Mirabeau B. Lamar for Texas on August 30, 1841, cleared the legal grounds for establishing Peters Colony.

Among the twenty petitioners whose names appeared on the memorial were eleven Englishmen and nine Americans. The Englishmen were relatively unimportant in the early development of the colony, and in December, 1842, they transferred their interest to a second group of Englishmen.[11] Concerning the question of the origins of the name Dallas both groups of Englishmen were unimportant. They were distant investors who were only interested in the scheme as a profitable investment.

Of the nine Americans one family stands out preeminently, the family which gave the name to the colony. The founder and chief promoter of the colony was William S. Peters,[12] who along with his three sons, John, William C. and Henry J., and his two sons-in-law, Samuel Browning[13] and William Scott[14] made up the majority of the American petitioners. Of the other three, Timothy Cragg was a piano manufacturer who in 1840 lived in Louisville, next door to William C. Peters[15] and later Thomas P. Cragg, his brother, became associated in the music

business with Henry J. Peters.[16] Phineas J. Johnson also lived in Louisville in 1840 but unfortunately nothing is known about his occupation.[17] Nothing at all is known about the last petitioner, John Bansamen. Perhaps he was another son-in-law of William S. Peters since in 1830 Peters had five teenage daughters living with him,[18] and in one of his letters to Robert Owen, the English socialist, he mentions that six of his sons joined him from the commencement of the colony.[19] He probably meant three sons and three sons-in-law. From the above, it is clear that the Peters family played the most important role during the early years of the colony, especially up to 1844 when the company was reorganized and other investors joined this venture.[20]

William S. Peters was an Englishman who came to the United States in September, 1827, with his wife, Agnes, and six of his children[21] and settled near Blairsville, Pennsylvania,[22] a small but rapidly growing town located on the Pennsylvania Canal. The canal was not completed until 1829 but Blairsville was already benefiting from its construction.

The two oldest sons, John and William C., came to the United States prior to their father. John, the oldest son, had arrived in 1824 and settled in Blairsville, Pennsylvania,[23] where by the 1830s he was a successful businessman running a general merchandise store, a saw mill and a boat yard.[24]

William C., the second oldest son and eventually the most prominent and successful of the three sons, came to the United States in June of 1825.[25] He located first in Troy, New York, where he was a music teacher and bandmaster, then moved to Pittsburgh two years later.[26] From 1827 to 1833 William C. taught music,[27] gave concerts,[28] organized and led the Polymnian Society,[29] and established his own music store.[30] During this time he also entered into a partnership with John J. Mellor and W. D. Smith which lasted until April, 1833.[31]

It was while he was in Pittsburgh that William C. Peters put Thomas Dartmouth Rice's song "Jump Jim Crow" into shape and published it.[32] "Daddy" Rice, the "father of American minstrelsy,"[33] became internationally famous because of his "Jim Crow" performances. Also while in Pittsburgh William Peters taught music to Stephen C. Foster's older sisters and became a friend of the family.[34] It was later in Cincinnati that Stephen gave the family friend, W. C. Peters, a song he had written entitled *Oh, Susanna.* William Peters gave Stephen one hundred dollars for the song and, according to R. P. Nevin, who knew Foster, it was the receipt of this one hundred dollars which "had the effect of starting" Foster on his "vocation of songwriter."[35] Peters later declared that he was "one of the first to discover the extraordinary talent of Mr. Foster," and that he was "from first to last his firm friend and advisor."[36]

William C. Peters moved to Louisville, Kentucky, early in 1833 and established a music store and publishing house, having sold his interests in Pittsburgh. In the fall of 1840 he moved to Cincinnati[37] where he lived until his death in 1866. By that time W. C. Peters had the largest music publishing business in the West with branch houses in Louisville, Kentucky, and Baltimore, Maryland.[38]

William C. Peters was not the only son of William S. Peters with musical talent. Peters' youngest son, Henry J., who had come to the United States in 1827 with his father and mother, was also an accomplished musician. Sometime during the late 1830s he moved to Louisville and taught music in W. C. Peters store. Later he established his own music store and in 1841 he was the director of the Louisville Brass Band.[39] It is this Peters who in 1877 moved to Texas to settle on his land from the Peters Colony.

William S. Peters, the father of these three successful sons and founder of Peters Colony, was also an accomplished musician. He had been a bandmaster in Canada before coming to the United States.[40] Sometime between 1831 and 1836 William S. moved to Pittsburgh. In December, 1836, he and William D. Smith, the person who had been in business with his son, organized the Pittsburgh Sacred Music Society,[41] and in November of 1836 he was listed in the *Pittsburgh Mercury* as having taken out a license as a retail dealer in foreign merchandise for the year 1836.[42] The Pittsburgh business directories for 1837, 1839 and 1841 list him as a grocer on the corner of Washington and Coal Lane.

Thus, from 1827 to the 1840s the Peters family was closely associated with the city of Pittsburgh. During this time Pittsburgh was a small city with a population that grew from 21,000 in 1830 o 36,000 in 1840. William and William C. were both prominent members of the community giving concerts, leading musical organizations and running businesses. William C. even published the *Pittsburgh March* in 1832. It is reasonable to believe that they knew most of the other prominent business and professional people of the city.

One such prominent member of the community was a lawyer and judge, Trevanion B. Dallas. Trevanion B. Dallas was a close friend of the Foster family.[43] William B. Foster, Stephen's father, and T. B. Dallas were both staunch supporters of Jacksonian democracy.[44] Foster while serving two terms in the Pennsylvania legislature from 1825 to 1829, became an ardent supporter of Andrew Jackson.[45] T. B. Dallas supported Van Buren for President in 1836 and unsuccessfully ran for congress in the same year on the Democratic ticket.[46]

William C. Peters was also a friend of the Foster family, teaching the older girls music.[47] Possibly he also taught the three children of

T. B. Dallas.[48] The Peters were also undoubtedly staunch Democrats. John Peters was a delegate from Indiana County, Pennsylvania, to a "Democratic Mass Meeting" which was held at Saltsburg in 1844.[49] William S. Peters' political views can be inferred from his letter to Owen.[50] His views on aristocracy and society in general would certainly place him in the Democratic camp.

On April 7, 1841, only two months after the Texas Congress passed "An Act Granting Land to Emigrants," Trevanion B. Dallas died of scarlatina. The *Pittsburgh Mercury* commenting on his death stated that "It is seldom, indeed, that the announcement of a death has caused such widespread and unaffected sorrow, as was visible on the occurrence of this melancholy event."[51] Even the *Pittsburgh Gazette,* a Whig paper, remarked that "in his death, society has lost a valuable member, the judicial branch an upright and improving incumbent, and his family a kind and affectionate parent."[52] What would be more natural than for the Peters family to select the most important settlemen in their colony to name after their friend, Trevanion B. Dallas.

This would account for the widespread use of the name in 1842 and 1843 and also explain why confusion would soon arise. Trevanion B. Dallas was not known outside of Pittsburgh and people would naturally assume that George M. Dallas was the man behind the name.

This leads to an interesting conclusion: the city of Dallas might have been named for one man, Trevanion B. Dallas, and the county of Dallas named for another, George Mifflin Dallas. The county was not created until 1846, and by then George M. Dallas was definitely the person in mind when Dallas County was named. However, the evidence strongly suggests that Trevanion B. Dallas was the man behind the name of the city of Dallas.

NOTES

[1]Sam Acheson, *Dallas Yesterday* (Dallas, 1977), 3.
[2]John William Rogers, *The Lusty Texans of Dallas* (New York, 1951), 42.
[3]Rogers, *Lusty Texans,* 42.
[4]*Clarksville Northern Standard,* September 28, 1843.
[5]*Houston Morning Star,* November 16, 1843.
[6]Rogers, *Lusty Texans,* 45.
[7]Acheson, *Dallas Yesterday,* 4.
[8]Rogers, *Lusty Texans,* 45.
[9]Rogers, *Lusty Texans,* 45.
[10]Seymour V. Connor, *The Peters Colony of Texas* (Austin, 1959), 22.
[11]Connor, *Peters Colony,* 26.
[12]Connor, *Peters Colony,* 35.
[13]Connor, *Peters Colony,* 27.
[14]*Blairsville* (Pennsylvania) *Record,* March 25, 1835.
[15]Sixth Census of the United States, 1840, City of Louisville.

[16]Josiah S. Johnston, ed., *Memorial History of Louisville* (Chicago, 1896), 11, 95.

[17]Sixth Census of the United States, 1840, City of Louisville.

[18]Fifth Census of the United States, 1830, Black Lick Township, Indiana County, Pennsylvania.

[19]Owen Papers (University of Wisconsin, microfilm 1,090), piece #1529.

[20]Connor, *Peters Colony,* 73.

[21]National Archives Microfilm Publications; Index to Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at New York, 1820-1840.

[22]Fifth Census of the United States, 1830, Black Lick Township, Indiana County, Pennsylvania.

[23]John Alexander Caldwell, *History of Indiana County,* Pennsylvania (Neward, Ohio, 1880), 355.

[24]*Blairsville* (Pennsylvania) *Record,* November 19, 1834 and December 3, 1834.

[25]National Archives Microfilm Publications; Index to Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at New York, 1820-1840; and *The New York Evening Post,* June 17, 1825.

[26]Edward G. Baynham, "The Early Development of Music in Pittsburgh" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Pittsburgh, 1944), 85.

[27]Baynham, "Music in Pittsburgh," 82.

[28]*Pittsburgh Gazette,* June 29, 1830 and July 16, 1830.

[29]Baynham, Music in Pittsburgh," 85; and *Pittsburgh Gazette,* September 29, 1829.

[30]*Pittsburgh Gazette,* October 4, 1831.

[31]Baynham, "Music in Pittsburgh," 94.

[32]Robert P. Nevin, "Stephen C. Foster and Negro Minstrelsy," Atlantic Monthly, XX, (November 1867), 610.

[33]Carl F. Wittke, *Tambo and Bones* (1930; rpt. New York, 1968), 20.

[34]Evelyn Foster Morneweck, *Chronicles of Stephen Foster's Family* (Pittsburgh, 1944), vol. I, 82; vol. II, 409.

[35]Nevin, "Foster and Negro Minstrelsy," 614.

[36]*Cincinnati Daily Gazette,* January 22, 1857.

[37]*Cincinnati Enquirer,* May 15, 1841.

[38]Walter Sutton, *The Western Book Trade* (Columbus: Ohio, 1961), 83.

[39]*Louisville Public Advertiser,* March 15, 1841.

[40]Baynham, "Music in Pittsburgh," 85.

[41]*Pittsburgh Gazette,* December 8, 1836.

[42]*Pittsburgh Mercury,* November 16, 1836.

[43]John Tasker Howard, *Stephen Foster, American Troubadour,* (1934; rpt. New York, 1962), 178.

[44]*Pittsburgh Mercury,* May 28, 1835.

[45]Howard, *Stephen Foster,* 12.

[46]*Pittsburgh Mercury,* July 6, 1836.

[47]Morneweck, *Chronicles,* vol. I, 82.

[48]Fifth Census of the United States, 1830, North Ward of City of Pittsburgh.

[49]*Pennsylvania Argus,* August 30, 1844 and Clarence D. Stephenson, *Indiana County, 175th Anniversary History* (Indiana, Pa., 1978), vol. I, 247.

[50]Owen Papers, piece #1447.

[51]*Pittsburgh Mercury,* April 14, 1841.

[52]*Pittsburgh Gazette,* April 8, 1841.

THE FOUNDING OF HENDERSON COUNTY JUNIOR COLLEGE

by William R. Enger

Bounded on the west by the Trinity River and on the east by the Neches River, Henderson County measures roughly fifty miles east and west and twenty north and south. Thirty-five miles west of Tyler lies Athens, the county seat and hub where the seven main roads converge. There in 1946 was founded Henderson County Junior College, an effort that tied local needs to the postwar surge in higher education. The founding of HCJC was the product of an informal association of civic leaders and public school men who mobilized widespread support, was achieved through steps which could not be retraced today, and illustrative of the junior college movement.

J. P. Pickens, the president of Athens Federal Savings and Loan, remembered proudly the founding of Henderson County Junior College in Athens thirty-five years earlier. He said, "I am sorry to get so personal, but it was my idea, and it was my baby." Born and raised near Athens, Pickens drove with his sister to school in a horse and buggy, but, except for a few weeks, he never attended college. He wanted to do so, but like many kids in Henderson County, he could not. He built a successful insurance agency and became a civic leader. When Clint Murchison left Athens, he appointed Pickens as president to supervise the First National Bank during a period of recovery from some internal difficulties. Murchison instructed his boyhood friend to return any money that the bank made to the community. Pickens fulfilled both that mission and his dream by starting a junior college in Henderson County.[1]

Late in 1945, Pickens discussed his idea with Eugene Spencer, who owned a hardware and furniture business, and A. M. Barnes, who with R. T. Craig owned and ran the newspaper. They enlisted the support of other prominent local businessmen and picked Orval Pirtle to head the effort. The superintendent at Cross Roads for fifteen years, Pirtle was well known for helping consolidate many small schools in the county so that their students could attend high school. He also knew his way around Austin, having contributed to forty laws concerning education that passed the legislature.[2]

Thirty years later, Pirtle described his call. T. O. Milner of Texas Power and Light was working one day at Cross Roads. Pirtle and Milner met in the gym, and Milner sketched a map of the county on the floor with his finger. Athens lay at the center where the seven

---

William R. Enger teaches history and psychology at Henderson County Junior College.

paved roads converged. A junior college located there could draw the graduates of the eight consolidated public schools. Youth from the county (who otherwise would not attend college) could get academic or vocational training.[3]

J. P. Pickens and Eugene Spencer contacted Pirtle to come to the bank, and they asked him, "Would you be for a county junior college?" Pirtle wondered whether they really meant for Athens, saying that the town lacked the students and valuation to support a junior college. But a county junior college located in Athens could survive by sending buses throughout the area. Pirtle stressed that there would be opposition to Athens because of fears that it would dominate a board of trustees. There was also another squabble between the state superintendent and the State Board of Education over vocational-technical training. Approval by the county superintendent, board, and commissioners would be much easier.[4]

Hard work kept Pickens' "baby" from being stillborn. Pickens sought civic backing, and he paid expenses for Pirtle to visit public schools. Pirtle talked to principals and superintendents across the county. They wanted the college but did not want Athens to dominate the board and ignore the rest of the county. All county school men, except those from Athens, met early in March. Pickens hosted a dinner the next week for these administrators, leading citizens from their communities, and several representatives from his group of businessmen. They wanted a junior college for the county, and they planned for Pirtle to address public meetings to gather signatures on petitions.[5]

Pirtle was ready, and he moved very quickly. Petitions were signed at his sessions by the required ten percent of county voters. Pirtle presented the petitions to the Henderson County School Board, and it approved them. There was a hitch in passing the requirements of the State Board of Education—$10,000,000 of taxable property, 7,000 students, and 400 high school seniors—because Henderson County had less than 7,000 students and only 250 seniors. However, a junior college might be approved were there 5,000 students, a growing area, and a real need. Pirtle contacted Senator A. M. Aiken to convince the State Board of the need.[6]

Lest Aiken and Pirtle not be enough, the founding fathers stacked the deck. L. A. Woods, the state superintendent, was asked to present the case. Pirtle talked with Royal Watkins, the president of the State Board (formerly of Athens and a friend of Murchison). Meantime, Pickens contacted his friend on the board, Maco Stewart of Galveston, and Stewart arranged a meeting for March 11, 1946.[7]

Judge Sam Holland did the legal work and presented it at the meeting. Pickens, Pirtle, Spencer, and W. R. Moore (head of the Hen-

derson County Chamber of Commerce), all spoke for a junior college. Watkins said that there was no junior college in the senatorial district. Stewart was ready, and he called for the vote to approve the college. Gently, Pirtle asked the meeting whether Woods, the state superintendent, did not have to recommend the junior college. He did so, and the State Board approved the Henderson County Junior College.[8]

From the State Board, matters returned to the county commission's court. An election was required because of a twenty-cent tax on each $100 of taxable property valuation for the support of the junior college. The election on May 4 would decide three issues: (1) whether to have a junior college; (2) the twenty-cent tax; and (3) candidates for the board of trustees. Incidentally, Pickens contacted individuals who had made fortunes in oil in the county, offering to name the college in return for their donations, but they were not interested.[9]

The vote was critical. Fail, and with Palestine wanting a junior college, Tyler having one (since 1926), and Corsicana getting one (1946) —well, their case for need would evaporate. To insure widespread support, Pirtle chose his trustees from across the county. All candidates were well versed with the public schools, most having served on school boards:

Athens	Eugene Spencer	board president
Athens	H. C. Moseley	teacher, county superintendent, former legislator
Malakoff	Paul Bankston	board member
LaPoynor	T. O. Milner	board member
Brownsboro	W. J. Castleberry	board president
Cross Roads	H. L. Kinabrew	board member
Eustace	X. Hastings	board member[10]

In the month before the vote on the junior college, the campaign intensified. Civic leaders devoted time and money to hold meetings and write publicity. Civic clubs flooded the newspaper with letters to the editor and advertisements, repeatedly making the following points:

(1) A junior college would be an advantage for the area, educate those who could not otherwise attend college, and bring money into the county.
(2) 250 seniors from the county, the returning veterans, and the below standard teachers could be educated.
(3) Education would be cheaper since students could live at home.
(4) More education was needed today.
(5) This would facilitate the supervision of youngsters too young to leave home.
(6) The junior college would be small, and individual attention to their needs would enable students to succeed. They would be lost in the crowd at a large college where they might fail unnoticed and drop out.
(7) Do it for the boys and girls and veterans.

(8) Do it for Henderson County.
(9) Buses running the seven highways would reach everywhere in the county.
(10) There would be training in agriculture, distributive education, homemaking, and the trades.
(11) There were 1,600 high school students in the county, but less than fifty a year could afford college.
(12) It was a duty to establish a junior college where youth might continue their education.[11]

In the election on May 4, 1946, voters passed the junior college by 93 per cent (12:1 in the county, 30:1 in Athens). The candidates for the board and the twenty-cent tax also carried. The *Athens Review* congratulated the people of the county for recognizing the need for education. There was optimism and opportunity in Henderson County in 1946, as there was elsewhere in America. The Depression was over, the war won, the junior college founded. Returning veterans could build new lives with their wartime savings and the GI Bill.[12]

The Henderson County Junior College District Board of Trustees, an independent political subdivision created under Article 2815H Revised Civil Statutes of the State of Texas, met for the first time on May 11, 1946, in the office of H. C. Moseley. A lawyer, Moseley, was chairman of the board at the First National Bank. Pickens had left the bank to return to his insurance agency, but HCJC still had friends at the bank.[13]

The seven trustees elected Moseley president and Bankston secretary of the board. They located HCJC in Athens and picked Pirtle as president. The board also decided on tuition rates, agreed to "except the GI Program in the College (sic)," allocated funds from tax monies for buildings and buses, hired a faculty, and established a pay schedule for them.[14]

Pirtle picked his faculty carefully, as he had the board earlier, seeking to build support for HCJC across the county and in the public schools. It showed clearly:

Orval Pirtle, president, Cross Roads supt. (15 years)
H. G. Larkin, dean, registrar, Malakoff supt. (3 years)
George Tipton, mathematics, LaPoynor supt. (10 years)
A. M. Anderson, English
Rufus McElhaney, agriculture, Eustace ag. teacher (15 years)
Roscoe Francis, agriculture, LaPoynor ag. teacher
A. L. Tomkins, distributive ed., Cross Roads principal (5 years)

He also felt bound to offer Dr. S. L. LeMay, superintendent of Athens for 24 years, a position teaching education. LeMay had been ignored during the initial meetings and passed over for the college presidency. He was apparently disappointed and declined, leaving Athens for a position at SMU, which he claimed offered more money and prestige.[15]

The month of May tested the organizational abilities of Orval Pirtle and did not find them wanting. He set summer registration for June 3, a month after the election, with classes starting on June 6 in English, business, education, mathematics, social science, and agriculture. Bus routes were to begin at seven area high schools; five lay outside the county. The Athens School Board donated space for classes. Textbooks were ordered and received. Pirtle recruited students through the newspaper; they could take six credits in each of two six-week terms.[10]

HCJC still had no buildings or campus, no laboratory or library. Some schools are founded with architects and lots of money, but HCJC was built from war surplus and the GI Bill, the support of the people, bank overdrafts, and the vision and scavenging ability of Orval Pirtle.

The Board of Trustees met formally seven times during May and June. They heard about the GI program, approved the purchase of buses and equipment, picked Sam Holland as legal adviser, and chose a depository bank. When their bank wanted too much for loans, the Board found cheaper money at the First National in Athens. On June 24, 1946, the Board found HCJC its own campus.[17]

The city had a park, the high school had a new gym, but the college had no home. The city wished to back the college, the high school to unload its old gym, and the college to get a campus. Perhaps, they could make a deal. Remember, HCJC trustee Eugene Spencer chaired the Athens School Board.

The City Commission, the Athens School Board, and the HCJC Board met jointly. Fair Park, a 58.3-acre tract, belonged to the city. The Cotton Palace at the park had once housed exhibits, but the high school had since remodeled the building and used it as a gym. The school board was building a new gym, but had invested funds to improve the Cotton Palace. They took $6,500 for the gym. The HCJC Board next leased 22¼ acres at Fair Park from the city at a dollar a year for 99 years. The city kept the title and mineral rights and promised to revoke the lease only should the college fail or a business be established on the land. No oil wells would be located within 300 feet of a building, and the least might be renewed. The HCJC Board might remove any buildings should the lease be cancelled. The steady hand that guided this trade must have belonged to Orval Pirtle.[18] Pirtle said that HCJC now had a campus, not just classes and faculty.[19]

However, funds were still needed. Because of the timing, HCJC received no state appropriation during the first year.[20] The Board lost no time in levying the twenty-cent tax and in having the county collect it. They did that on the twenty-seventh. They borrowed $48,000 at four percent at the First National Bank in Athens to get HCJC through the summer, pay for equipment and six buses, and to remodel the gym into classrooms.[21]

During the first summer 17 teachers (11 full time HCJC faculty by this time), held classes at the high school, instructing 256 students. Pirtle encouraged students to enroll, pushing for numbers in the newspaper. Veterans could draw $65, $90 if married, a month plus tuition and books. His efforts succeeded by July when he announced that the State Department of Education had approved credits for transfer. Elsewhere, progress was made as well. The first honor roll was listed, the first catalog in August proposed eighty classes for the year, and the students picked the school colors (red and white) and mascot (the cardinal). By the fall term the gym was converted into seven classrooms, a laboratory, library, offices, and restrooms.[2]

The catalog outlined the curriculum at HCJC which would prepare students for transfer to a four-year college or provide vocational-technical training for work in agriculture or business. With sufficient demand even surveying, electricity, or oil field problems could be offered. High school graduates, or veterans, or those over 21, might enroll. The associate degree in arts would be awarded those who completed sixty credits (thirty at HCJC) with twelve hours in English, twelve of second-year classes, and two years of physical education. Tuition for five classes was $32.50. The catalog cover proclaimed that HCJC was "a college for Henderson County and the surrounding counties" and that "what builds the college builds the county."[22]

Three hundred and eleven students and twelve faculty began the 1946 fall semester at HCJC. Two-thirds of the students were veterans taking vocational courses.[24] At year's end HCJC had grown to 853 students (217 academic, 322 agricultural, 314 trade), with 47 on the faculty (13 academic, 18 agricultural, 16 trade). Its buses combed the countryside (one running 58 miles), serving 28 communities. In December, 1947, HCJC was one of eleven junior colleges in Texas with more than 1,000 students. The State Association of Junior Colleges gave temporary accreditation in 1947, permanent in 1948. Five graduated in 1946 and 59 in 1947.[25]

Although still short of funds, HCJC began to build. The veterans' program was particularly useful for tapping governmental agencies. Camp Fannin (near Tyler) closed, and the surplus lay waiting to be used. When the Office of Price Administration closed, their office equipment was distributed, and R. T. Craig was an advisory board member. In 1946, Pirtle acquired at least 14 buildings, $10,000 worth of equipment, and $20,000 worth of furniture, and $13,600 more in 1947. He got a theater from Camp Howze which became an 800-seat auditorium after $17,000 was spent on a foundation, roof, and interior. Barracks were converted into classroom buildings, a library, and a cafeteria. Budgeted construction meant continual building projects, weather delays, and a campus that looked like a quilt—patchwork.[26]

The financing of HCJC was varied, complex, and often creative. During the early years the GI Bill and the technical program kept the college afloat, balancing the losses in the academic area. An audit on February 3, 1947, listed $140,000 worth of machinery, buses, and buildings, and receivables due from funding agencies amounted to $66,000. The library (2,339 volumes) at $3,000 was only a ninth of the value of the vocational equipment. Debts from loans and overdrafts were nearly $80,000 with interest paid on the overdrafts. Even the board president admitted, "This college was built on overdrafts." The auditor reported the financial condition was good although unorthodox.[27]

Veterans and their vocational-technical programs were a large part of HCJC. The weekly college newspaper devoted at least a page to veterans, more space than for the clubs, sports, and other events. In 1948, the eight vocational agriculture courses required by law were taught on campus, and 14 classes in agriculture enrolled veterans throughout the district. Courses in trades and industries included work in auto mechanics, radio, welding, machine shop, refrigeration, carpentry, and cabinet making. Probably, three-fourths of the students were veterans and three-fourths of the faculty vocational. The technical teachers and their supervisors were paid equal to or better than their academic colleagues (from $250 and up a month).[28]

Mrs. Grace Cade and her speech class wrote three choices for the school song in 1947. Elmo Holmes, a leader of the veterans, sang them to the student body, and it voted for one. Mr. Holmes later entered business and is today a board member.[29]

C. C. Colvert, professor of junior college education at the University of Texas, taught several courses at HCJC for the faculty. He said that the transfer, technical, and terminal programs served a growing need. Some 30,000 students, half of them veterans, were enrolled in Texas junior colleges at the time that Colvert spoke. Later at Kilgore Junior College, Colvert stressed educating the veterans in the junior colleges. The key was general education to develop a boarder perspective, individual potential, and citizenship. The curriculum that his colleague proposed was like the one at HCJC with academic, trades, and agricultural classes.[30]

Much as Colvert suggested, HCJC was founded in response to changing social needs. The leading proponents of a junior college, Pickens and Pirtle, had themselves experienced difficulty in obtaining their education. Pirtle was especially attuned to students. One of the reasons that he led the movement to consolidate public schools was to get students the chance to attend high school. In the 1930s, employers asked applicants whether they had a high school diploma. Pirtle saw the need and acted, and soon there were more high school graduates

in the county. After the war the returning veterans as well as the seniors were asked whether they had taken any college as thy applied for jobs. Pirtle saw the need for a junior college, something that he said was discussed as early as 1925. After the war the time was right because of the veterans. Their return to school stimulated a postwar surge in higher education because of federal support programs such as the GI Bill. Finally, the county backed the establishment of a junior college.[31]

HCJC "popularized" education in the county by sending its buses down the seven main roads. It offered a general education to develop potential, perspective, and citizenship. While many students did not transfer to the university, they would not have attended college at all but for HCJC. The trades and vocational agriculture programs attracted many returning veterans. Located in an agricultural area, HCJC responded by stressing agriculture. Blacks in that day did not take academic work, but HCJC democratized higher education in starting trades and agricultural classes under black teachers.[32]

According to both H. C. Moseley and J. P. Pickens, HCJC would not have been founded without Orval Pirtle. Senator A. M. Aiken thought that Orval Pirtle was known for junior colleges, especially HCJC. Aiken credited Pirtle's success to the fact that his word could always be trusted. He was not selfish, and his integrity was never doubted. *The Cardinal* (1947) was dedicated to Pirtle for building the college, for his educational values and desire to advance Henderson County, and for getting state accreditation and a high ranking by the Association of American Junior Colleges. Orval Pirtle sacrificed for the school. He was always working, always on the road somewhere. Students and HCJC were first with him. He assigned teachers their duties and backed them, gave them freedom of action, and made them part of the school team.[33]

When asked about the early days of HCJC, most people remembered the fun. The students, faculty, and communities were all infected with the building of HCJC—the construction, the benefits performed for it, the college events. HCJC certainly reflected the junior college experience in its curriculum, open door admissions, community participation, and relationship with county schools.

NOTES

[1]J. P. Pickens, interview, Athens, Texas, August 26, 1981.

[2]J. P. Pickens interview; *Athens Weekly Review*, March 14, 1946, hereafter cited *AWR*. Pirtle (b. 1906) grew up in Henderson County, started teaching and taking normal training during the summers, became principal at Cross Roads, took BA at Stephen F. Austin (1932) and MS at East Texas State Teachers College (1941). 21 years in public schools and 25 years as HCJC president, Pirtle served on many civic and professional organizations, enjoying a considerable reputation across Texas. Pirtle tapes, HCJC, Athens, Texas, c. 1979, hereafter

cited Pirtle tapes; A. M. Aiken, interview, Paris, Texas, August 27, 1981; *Texas Junior College Bulletin* (June, 1951), vol. IV, no. 5, 4; *The Cardinal* (1947), HCJC annual; *The Cardinal* (December 17, 1946), vol. 1, no. 4, and (March 13, 1952), vol. 6, no. 8.

[3]Pirtle tapes. The liberal arts college, state college, university, and high school were all established by the time that the junior college began about 1900. A product of the progressive era, the junior college sought to open the door to those who had not previously attended college, an extension upward from the public schools. Two-year programs were offered for general education, transfer to the university, and vocational training. A board of trustees elected by the district oversaw the college and hired administrators and faculty. Teachers often came from the public schools and lived in the district. Technical training and the availability of education most distinguished the junior college.

[4]Pirtle tapes.

[5]Pirtle tapes; J. P. Pickens interview; *AWR*, March 14, 1946.

[6]Pirtle tapes; *AWR*, March 14, 1946; A. M. Aiken interview; *Athens Daily Review*, April 24, 1946, hereinafter cited *ADR*.

[7]Pirtle tapes; J. P. Pickens interview.

[8]Pirtle tapes; J. P. Pickens interview; *ADR*, March 11, 1946. A law of 1929 guided the founding of junior colleges in Texas. Both academic and vocational training (24 credit hours) were required. The legislative appropriation for 1946-1947 was $60 per full time equivalent student in junior colleges accredited by the State Board. Texas ranked second in the number of junior colleges and second in the number of students. Of 86 institutions of higher education in Texas, 22 were junior colleges, and the junior college for Henderson County was one of four more approved in 1946. *AWR*, March 28, 1946; Leland L. Medsker, *The Junior College: Progress and Prospect* (New York: 1960), 279-284.

[9]J. P. Pickens interview; *AWR*, March 14, 1946, and April 11, 1946.

[10]Pirtle tapes; *The Cardinal* (1947).

[11]*ADR*, April 23, 1946, April 24, 1946, April 26, 1946, and May 3, 1946; *AWR*, April 25, 1946, and May 2, 1946.

[12]*AWR*, May 9, 1946; Pirtle tapes.

[13]*Ibid.*; Minutes of HCJC Board of Trustees, MS, HCJC, Athens, Texas, hereafter cited Board Minutes. Minutes were dated May 13, 1946, but the paper reported the meeting held on the eleventh. *ADR*, May 13, 1946. The secretary probably recorded minutes two days afterward.

[14]Board Minutes, May 13, 1946. Mr. Bankston's spirit was willing, but his spelling was weak. Pirtle earlier developed a "manual teaching plan," largely agriculture for returning veterans, as a part of a county vocational-technical program. He wanted the board to serve for the vocational training, even if the junior college was not approved. He offered to back out of the vocational program when HCJC passed (so that the academic and vocational programs were not split, and the board could hire its own personnel). He was, of course, chosen to direct both. Pirtle tapes.

[15]Board Minutes, May 13, 1946, and May 29, 1946; *AWR*, May 23, 1946, and June 6, 1946.

[16]*AWR*, May 23, 1946, May 30, 1946, and July 11, 1946; *The Cardinal* (1947).

[17]Board Minutes, May 29, and June 7, 14, 19, 22, 1946. Again, the minutes were dated May 27, but the newspaper reported the meeting held on May 24. Probably, the agreement was reached on the first date and th paperwork completed by the second. *ADR*, June 25, 1946.

[14]Board Minutes, June 27, 1946. Two documents—the lease agreement and a certificate by a surveyor (Field Notes) filed June 28, 1946, in Henderson County Deed Records, vol. 304, 70)—explained the agreements, MS, HCJC, Athens, Texas.

[15]*AWR*, July 11, 1946.

[16]Betty Ross M. Walker, "History of Henderson County Junior College, 1946-1964" (unpublished graduate paper, East Texas State College, 1964), 8, 17. She cited an interview with her father, H. C. Moseley, chairman of the HCJC Board. Hereafter cited Walker MS.

[17]Board Minutes, June 27 and August 13, 1946. Several documents described the transactions, MS, HCJC, Athens, Texas. Two loan contracts and a letter from Sam Holland to the First National Bank on July 8, 1946, containing Board Resolutions, indicate the loans. Security was in the form of a mortgage on six buses and incoming state and local funds. It was fortunate that H. C. Moseley chaired both the boards at the bank and at HCJC, since the tax valuation for the district was put high enough to cover the notes. The local twenty-cent tax raised $28,530.79 for 1946-1947 and $37,332.68 for 1947-1948, while the state appropriation for 1947 was only $16,586.67. Walker MS, 10, 16, citing HCJC Receipts and Disbursements Journal, 1946-1947, 1. The money went for six buses, operations, and $3,500 of war surplus equipment that the board bought from the Quinlan Public Schools. C. Simmons' audit, July 7, 1946, to January 31, 1947 included a list of that equipment; February 3, 1947.

[18]HCJC catalog, 1946-1947, Athens, Texas; Walker MS, 29, citing HCJC Receipts and Disbursements Journal, 1946, 2; *The Cardinal* (1947, 1977); *AWR*, June 13, 1946, July 11, 1946, and August 1, 1946.

[19]HCJC catalog, 1946-1947.

[20]Board Minutes, November 11, 1946; *AWR*, September 11, 1946.

[21]Board Minutes, April 21 and December 20, 1948; *AWR*, April 10, June 5, and September 18, 1947, and April 1 and May 20, 1948.

[22]*AWR*, March 13, 1947; *The Cardinal* (December 3, 1946), vol. 1, no. 2, (January 14, 1947), vol. 1, no. 7, (February 25, 1947), vol. 1, no. 12, (April 1, 1947), vol. 1, no. 17; Board Minutes, October 14, 1947; C. Simmons' audit. East of the main building (from Cotton Palace to high school gym to main building) was the restroom building. The Board questioned that use, wanting it converted to a chemistry laboratory, which seems to have been done.

[23]Board Minutes, February 3, 1947; C. Simmons' audit; Walker MS, 57.

[24]Board Minutes, February 3, 1947; C. Simmons' audit; Walker MS, 57; HCJC catalog, 1946-1947, 1947-1948; *The Cardinal* (1948).

[25]*The Cardinal* (February 25, 1947), vol. 1, no. 12; Elmo Holmes, interview, Athens, Texas, August 25, 1981.

[26]*The Cardinal* (January 28, 1947), vol. 1, no. 8; Nora Zeigler, "Kilgore College Plans Postwar Programs," *The Texas Outlook* (April, 1945), vol. 29, no. 4, 46-47.

[27]Pirtle tapes.

[28]Board Minutes, April 24, 1947, and April 21, 1948.

[29]Walker MS, 3; A. M. Aiken interview; J. P. Pickens interview; *The Cardinal* (1947); Colonel Mills, interview, Athens, Texas, September 2, 1981. Mr. Mills, Sarah George, Willard George, and Frances Grayson taught at early HCJC and provided helpful information.

LAST RIDE FROM AUSTIN

by Ben Z. Grant

The clouds hovered low over the dome of the 92-year-old Texas Capitol. Just enough morning sun filtered through over the flat lands to the east to put a brief blush on the dour, strong-jawed Goddess of Liberty perched on top. I guess I shall never cease to be in awe of that magnificent structure. It has inspired me to keep plugging away on more than one occasion ever since my days at the UT Law School.

Like Carl Sandburg's anvil which has "laughed at many hammers," the old Capitol has endured, perhaps not always laughing, the blows of scandal and the raucous ring of demagoguery through the years. Still she sits there in defiance of it all, solid and proud. My departure, just as my coming a decade ago, was irrelevant to her. She is the Capitol of the State, the people of government are only replaceable fixtures.

Outside on the grassy lawns, the old men had taken their posts in their folding chairs to guard the designated parking spaces for the SO license-plated vehicles. I walked down the echoing pink granite halls through the rotunda, pausing to look up for a last view of the dome's interior, an architectural design of another century. It was the place of my wedding, which I had managed to pull off even without permission of the security guards.

Soon a Capitol guide, in her blue and white uniform, would be informing tours of early morning visitors, with only slight hyperbole, interesting facts about the center of state government such as the Capitol grounds boasting a tree of every variety that grows in Texas soil.

The House Chambers were quiet now, but in a week, the roll call would start in the midst of the noise and clamor of the beginning of the regular session . . . "Agnich . . . Allee . . . Barrientos . . . Benedict." They always seem to get a quorum on opening day, which by the Constitution falls on the first Tuesday after the second Monday of odd numbered years and by tradition is 140 days of turmoil and confusion. Soon they would begin lighting the voting board for the first vote of the 67th Legislature, the first vote in ten years that I would not cast. A member once asked me why I didn't dodge some of the hard votes. I told him pushing that voting button was what I hired out to do, but I had to admit to myself that I sometimes wished for a "maybe" button on my desk in between the "aye" and "nay."

There would be many new members full of self-importance—some soon forgetting that they were there in a representative capacity.

There had been long hours of drudgery on that floor when Dave Allred would lean over and say to me, "You people in government lead

---

Ben Grant is a former member of the Texas Legislature.

such interesting lives." That would be on the tedious occasions when the topic of debate was about as interesting as the sex life of a female liverwort, and the speakers were about as obtuse as a 170 degree angle. But I knew the issues must be important; otherwise, why would they be before the Texas Legislature.

There were times when departures were made from the dull and serious business of the day, and it was his levity, or sometimes abortive attempts at humor, which gave the Legislature a bad name, or at least was a contributing factor.

Hung respectively in its framed glory in the center of the west wall of the Chamber was the object I much admired, the Flag of the Battle of San Jacinto. Unlike the pictures, plaques, and other decor, it had been there and witnessed the battle for freedom, fought and won. Then after residing in a shoe box in an attic for many years, it had come to grace the House Chamber as a reminder of the heritage of our state. The issue stated in the words draped on the sword on the flag "Liberty or Death" seemed simpler than the complexities of our times. I remained surprised that during the furor of some debate on obscenity some member of the House had not moved to have a patch placed over the nude breast of Miss Liberty which is brazenly exposed on the flag.

The sessions of the Texas Legislature are always begun with a prayer, which is appropriate for as the sign says, the life, liberty and property of the people are not safe while that body is in session. I have heard numerous visiting preachers put forth their best and longest prayers on those special occasions, with a few side bar remarks to the Deity on pending political concerns. The House finally discovered a man who offered zingers which summed it all up in one prayful sentence, and he was immediately hired as permanent chaplain. "Lord" he prayed "remind us preachers and politicians that those who talk the most are usually those who have the least to say. Amen."

Humility is a rare trait in the Legislature. For the most part there is an ego aura surrounding that body that would dwarf the West Texas plains and the Gulf of Mexico. Perhaps it is an integral part of the political endeavor. I remember as a freshman member spouting off about my victorious campaign when another member reminded me that everybody there was a winner, which was a prerequisite to sitting in that august body. My mouth was closed to further sinful boasting, at least on that subject.

The hall brought back memories of friends and foes, whose names were too many to recall at one sitting. Those friendships went beyond political philosophies and co-sponsorships. Those members I respected most were those who worked diligently and who cast each vote conscientiously in accordance with sincere beliefs, not for selfish motives.

On the other side of the fence, were those who were only be'ers, not to be confused with killer bees, who were only interested in being a member of the Legislature, for whatever prestige that might innure from that position, with little regard to what might be accomplished.

The Legislature, as a whole, is an unpredictable body, sometimes having difficulty deciding when to recess for lunch. Nobody knows the Legislature through and through. There are unseen influences lurking in the minds and new ideas stirring in some far corner. The body offers a psychological study in the human capacity to withstand pressures and cope with divided loyalties.

There had been advocates on that floor who were accomplished artists with the spoken word; many were just poor imitators. There were some, I guess the real politicians, who could explain a bill in such broad and convincing ambiguities that every listener thought the bill did something different—something good, noble, and close to the listener's heart. (Legislative intent is a myth invented by the courts to cover for the Legislature.) Usually though the less said about a bill, the less likely an author is to stir up opposition . . . mumble . . . mumble.

The topic which I heard most discussed in the conversations of members on the floor of the House, more than education, tax-relief, highways, or whatever, was who would be the next Speaker of the House. Every member knew in his or her heart that he or she would be the best choice. The constituency is small for that race. Only seventy-six votes are needed to make a winner for that powerful post. I always thought Speaker Grant had a nice ring, but I missed out this lifetime. It was a shame too, because my mail reflected a ground swell of support for me to become Speaker—that is if two letters could be considered a ground swell, one from my sister and one from my mother-in-law.

Sauntering back to my first floor office, which was one of the few rewards for seniority in the Legislature, I raked the contents on my cluttered desk into a paste-board box. My desk usually remained cluttered during the session with a defensive sign, sometimes buried in the debris, which declared. "A clean desk is a sign of a sick mind." My excuse was that we had to cope with thousands of bills, some as thick as a Sears-Roebuck catalog, added to a volume of mail which would have choked a good-sized billy goat or made a recycling machine regurgitate.

With good-byes to my staff (a good staff and experience with perennial issues had made my job easier through the years), I headed for the door. Laden with brief cases, let me hasten to add, filled with personal belongings only, I negotiated the heavy wooden doors on the west wing of the building and loaded my car, hoping it would last for the final journey home. I had worn three cars slap dab out making

that trip. It probably wasn't my last trip to Austin, but it was the end of an era for me. It was the last trip on legislative duties which gave me constitutional immunity from arrest on the basis of twenty miles a day travel.

I know I am going to miss Austin, but I served my time. I figured ten years in the Legislature was enough, and I had successfully leaped from the legislative branch of the tree of government to the branch of the judiciary. I was now a lame duck ready to limp home for the last time on a long road of memories.

I circled the Capitol grounds which are filled with statues, memorials, and squirrels. It is often said in legislative debates that there is no statue on the grounds to an author of a tax bill. I have never made a concentrated search and could not verify this as a truth, but it smacks of validity. Also, I have never noticed a memorial to those who have been indicted in service to their state. Richard Bache, who was the only legislator who voted against Texas entering the union as a state, may still get a memorial in his honor some day.

I drove by the historical Sholtz's Beer Garden which is just a stein's throw from the Capitol complex. I have heard it said that many important decisions of government have been made at that spot during its 112 years existence.

I passed the UT law school, where some professor at that very moment was probably saying, "the Legislature in its infinite wisdom" with a tone of derision in his voice.

My journey north took me by a slough of massage parlors, marked with signs proclaiming their services. I had never figured out how people determine which are the legitimate places that offer massages and which are sexually oriented. A friend once explained that none of them were legitimate in his opinion. A taxi driver once explained to me that he could distinguish the ladies of the night from police women, because the good-looking ones were police women. So it goes.

After a half-hour battle with Austin traffic, I was on the outskirts of the city headed north on I-35. I looked back for a last farewell. Austin meant a lot of memories to me. I even named my boy Zane Austin, with the agreement that on his fifth birthday he can change it if the name does not suit his fancy.

The signs inform the folks trafficking the four-lane pavement that if they keep going north, they can see the Interspace Caverns. Well, having seen them already, I took a familiar shortcut through Pflugerville (the P is silent as in horses), population 618, last count. As most short cuts go, it is really not a short cut at all. I measured it once, and it was about the same distance either way as I recall, but the scenery is good. I met a Mr. Pfluger once in Dallas who lives on the shortcut

road just out of Pflugerville. He invited me to come by and sit a spell with him, but duty had always pricked me on at such a fast pace that I never got around to making the visit.

So on I went. Texas roads are long. This particular trek from Austin to Marshall is six hours at the wheel, a tank of gas, a tired back, and a package of Salem cigarettes. About 286 miles if one wants to measure it that way, and whatever that adds up to in kilometers.

On the open road, I set my cruise control in an all out effort to be a law-abiding citizen. Of course there had been occasions when running late for a speaking engagement that the old car had exceeded the posted limit, which the law says is by prima facie evidence unreasonable. But I had learned as a boy that all have sinned and fallen short of the glory, and I do know for sure one East Texas legislator who has a heavier foot than I do. In ten years, I have only been stopped once . . . make that twice.

On one occasion outside of Taylor the officer gave me a long lecture about exceeding the speed limit by five miles an hour or so. He further explained that inasmuch as I had made the law, it certainly looked bad to the public if I violated it. I could only agree and apologized to him and the people of the State of Texas. Then I sheepishly crawled back into the car and eased slowly down the road.

On the other occasion, I am not sure I was really speeding. The officers never said one way or the other. They just talked to me about the need for lowering the retirement age for highway patrolmen. They made some good points on the subject.

That long, hard route from Austin to Marshall was the slice of Texas which I had come to know best. It took me across the post oak belt to the piney woods belt near the Louisiana line. The truth is I grew up in Louisiana, but, as I told my constituents, I had moved to Texas as soon as I was old enough to know better. I had further assured them that Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin had not been born and raised in the Great State, but nobody had ever accused them of not being good Texans.

The short cut brought me back to Highway 79 around Hutto. On the stadium, I could see the sign declaring the town to be the home of the Hutto Hippos, a mascot comparable in uniqueness to the Rotan Yellowhammers and the Leesville Wampus Cats. I had always wondered if their football team tended to be on the heavy side.

It seemed like most county-seat-sized Texas towns were situated about a day's ride by horseback apart. I had made the journey once on horseback. It all stemmed out of a moment's inspiration, or perhaps some loose-tongue disease, when in a speech to the Lions Club, I had pledged to travel by horseback to the Constitutional Convention in 1974,

that is, if somebody would lend me a horse. A fine gentleman named Gerald Smith produced four horses, and I sallied forth. The trip took eight and a half days. (I could have got the mail contract If I could have made it in five days.) Of course, I had all my troubles behind me by the time I arrived in Austin. There's nothing like a good horse ride to familiarize a body with the details of the road.

For instance, there's a house outside of Hearne that I remember vividly. It was a cold day, and the trainer, an old gentleman named Ralph, was riding with me. Ralph's wife was a talker, but Ralph did not say much and did so gruffly. A man came out of the house and greeted us. "Are you the Senator?" he asked Ralph.

Ralph, without slowing his horse, or looking at the man, replied, "I wouldn't make a wart on a senator's rear."

Ralph apparently held the Senate in a higher regard than I did.

The first horse I rode on that journey was named Miss Entertainment. That hardly seemed appropriate for a politician, so I renamed her Miss Liberty in honor of the sixteen foot lady who tops the Capitol Building. The Harrison County Judge said by the time I finished riding the first day, I would rename her Miscalculation. At the end of the first day's ride, I found some wisdom in his words. Being a pioneer in spirit only, I had spent most of the nights on the horseback trip in the comforts of a camper.

I turned my mind back from the trip by horseback to the ribbon of pavement stretching endlessly before me. I took the by-pass loop around Taylor. I remembered back to my freshman term when I had listened to a legislator named Patterson from Taylor explain that a legislator had to be a generalist, because it was impossible to be an expert on everything going on in the state. He was right, of course. I learned to rely on experts, and I never met anyone that did not know more about something than I did . . . such as how many hamburgers in a cow or the exploding temperature of propane.

Down the road, I came through the little town of Thrall which was memorable for the aroma of cooking cotton seed oil, which rivaled baking bread for its sweet fragrance. A short way north of the hamlet, the smell turns sulfuric at the creek where I speculated some free-enterpriser had built cement troughs in a vain effort to capture the sulfur rising from the springs by the roadside.

The Duroc Hog farm brought my mind back to the Legislature. I guess there never was a legislative body that did not have some pork-barreling—along with boondoggling, chubbing and snorting.

In a few weeks, the law-makers would again face redistricting the state after the federal census. That's the one that hits the legislator where he lives. The last go-round, they had paired Rep. Fred Head

and me in an effort to rid the Capitol of at least one of us. I was happy that I did not have to go through that blood-letting again.

The next town was Rockdale, which boasted as fine a collection of tombstones by the side of the highway as you will ever see at one gathering. It is also the home of Rep. Dan Kubiak to whom I am beholden from an event that occurred during my freshman year.

I was voting from my heart on the rules of the House which I felt would be fair to all members. (I later learned that the general public did not give a rats about the rules of the House.) A member of Gus Mutscher's staff had come back to my desk and with some degree of intimidation had advised me that I had better go apologize to the Speaker for voting against his rules. I figured if they were going to tell me how to vote that I might as well have stayed at home and let them mail me a postcard to tell me how I voted. I tried to tell the fellow about freedom and the Alamo, and how I was there to represent District No. 3. At that point, Dan Kubiak came to my rescue and laid strong words on the man as to what would happen if he ever again attempted to interfere with a member's voting. I guess I did not get off to a good start with the team. After that, I was about as popular as fish-flavored ice cream with the leadership. I was even informed that they had taken my name off the list to be on the Judiciary committee. It did not matter that much to me. All the committees seemed about the same at that time.

A hawk glared down from the long row of utility poles, and I was headed toward Hearne. The Brazos River ran her crooked course across my path. Before I reached home, I would cross the waters of the Neches, the Trinity, the Navasota, and the Sabine.

Driving north of Hearne, I guessed that I was reaching what a member of the Governor's staff had referred to as the hinterlands in condescending words, as in "The Governor is interested in what is going on in the hinterlands."

My ole car had the road memorized. On that road I had watched houses rise, roads being repaired, ponds drying up and refilling again, and gasoline prices double.

A faded campaign poster on a fence post reminded me that I myself was a politician. That last trip must have been a bitter undertaking for the numerous incumbents who had been defeated through the years. I have always felt in that regard that our system should work like that of Great Britain where after defeat an incumbent cleans out his or her desk and leaves office the following day without the necessity of lingering on in misery.

The way the Texas system works is that a state representative spends one year serving and the next year campaigning to stay in office.

In answer to a questionnaire I sent out, I learned that my constituents preferred four-year terms. I guess they got tired of hearing the hoopla of campaigns so often, but without recall they could not turn the rascals out if they got dissatisfied.

Campaigning was always an interesting adventure. I remember one occasion when I was freshly briefed on the current issues of the day. I stepped into a rural general store to extol my virtues of statemanship to find that a controversy had developed over a heated issue to the extent that even the domino game had been halted in the midst of play. One of the men turned to me, wiping the tobacco juice from his chin, and declared the issue of discussion in plain language: "Do you think Roosevelt done the right thing when Pearl Harbor was bombed?" One look at the solemn faces told me that there was no right answer to the complexities that had been developed in long hours of clashing opinions. I explained that it all occurred before I was born which made me totally ignorant on the subject. Then I made a speedy exit.

I never intended to go into politics. As a matter of fact, I made a public statement one time that I would never run for another office (after having won the post of JP and having the county commissioners attempt to abolish the position) unless I received a mandate from my Maker signed in triplicate. But folks change their minds. Any old excuse will do when the mind decides to go another direction. A Chinese fortune cookie predicting public service is enough to do the trick.

Somewhere down the line I finally realized that the minute I announced for public office and asked the people to "win with Ben," I was no longer considered an earnest citizen wanting to do a job as a part of the elective system, but instead I became a "politician," a word that in itself connotes distrust and commands disrespect. I became part of the popular public pastime of making fun of politicians.

I guess this really came home to me when I returned from my first session, proudly announcing my membership in the Dirty Thirty as my credentials of integrity for fighting the corrupt system. (There could not have been a Dirty Thirty group without me. I mean, how would Dirty Twenty-nine sound? It somehow lacks the rhyme and rhythm needed to capture the public imagination.) A man confronted me who said, "Well, you were down there, and that makes you guilty as all the rest. We're painting you all with the same brush."

Well, I figured if I stood up trying to tell everybody what an honest politician I was, I would sound like some crybaby, or worse still some guilt-ridden sinner who protesteth too much. If I praised my honor, they would begin to count their spoons. Furthermore, I was never comfortable spouting a lot of rosy rhetoric filled with platitudes and promises, but I stumbled into an approach that I felt right for me. I dis-

armed by candor and by poking fun at the Legislature myself. A little self-criticism can do us all a world of good, and Lord knows I did not have to do a lot of hard studying to come up with some imperfections of the body politic about which to talk.

My journey had now taken me to Buffalo, the halfway point of the ride. I was too far from Austin to turn back and too tired to go on. My craving was for Star Trek technology, so I could beam myself home at the speed of light. Without such a machine, I compromised by stopping for a bite to eat.

I-45 comes bustling through the sleepy town of Buffalo to connect Dallas and Houston. On the north side of this modern Texas roadway, I found the Rainbow Cafe. It was a place not destined to make the gourmet's list, but it offered some pretty good country cooking. I ordered a bowl of chili. It is on my soul that I had proposed and passed a resolution making chili the official state dish of Texas. I had almost become cured of eating the stuff after judging several chili cooking contests with numerous entries of strange concoctions.

I cringed at the thought that welled up in my mind. What if the waitress just asked me point blank what I thought I had accomplished in the last ten years. What had I done to improve her quality of life in the State of Texas? Well, let me see, how could I sum it all up? A lot of laws maybe did not affect her directly, and she should be careful not to blend all levels of government together, blaming state government for what some other level of government had done. I had helped fill a shelf with law books and House Journals. I did my job. I made the difference on some close votes. If they had not invited those other 180 members down there I could have gotten a lot done. I authored maybe a hundred bills that passed. Anyway, people shouldn't go around asking that kind of question. I mean I could ask her what she had accomplished in her lifetime. What had she done for me lately?

My peripheral vision noted that she was approaching my table expecting me as a dealer in words to be able to convince her that I had served the taxpayers faithfully and well.

"Would you like some more tea?" she asked.

"I made chili the official state dish of Texas," I blurted out.

"It oughta been barbeque," she replied.

Back on the road, I fiddled with radio dials as the country side glided past the windows of the car. I know it's impossible to please all the folks. A Dallas radio station was detailing a traffic report in the metroplex, which I needed to know about as much as I craved to know the temperature in Calcutta.

Two inquisitive calves watched me roll by, and then returned to their grazing. Nearby an abandoned school building was filled with hay—probably a victim of consolidation.

Down the road in a little community was a school that I connected in my mind with a tale that I had told so many times, that I could not remember whether it was true or not. It was the story of how important I was believing myself to be on my horse ride when I pranced by a school yard a long ways from my own legislative district, and all the school kids came out to the fence, shouting, "Hi, Ben Grant! Hi, Ben Grant!" Here I was, more than a hundred miles from home, and all the kids knew my name. I wondered just how famous can a fellow get in one lifetime. Then the humbling part came when a little boy, say seven or eight years old, was waving and saying, "Bye, Ben Grant! Bye, Ben Grant!" Just before I got out of earshot, I heard him turn to his teacher and say, "Teacher, who is that man riding Ben Grant?"

When I reached Palestine, I felt like I had arrived in East Texas proper. There is a giant oak to the northeast of that city where a highway patrolman stopped during my horse ride to inform me that it had been reported that a truck had hit and killed me and the horse. Borrowing a line from Twain for the occasion, I told him that in my opinion the report of my death was greatly exaggerated.

There were a lot of places where I never got around to stopping on that road from the Capitol City. I had familiarized myself with the roadside parks, and studied most of the historical markers, like the one telling about the hat factory at Jacksonville, but there were names like Snuffy's Place, The Good Ole' Boy Cafe, and What's Your Beef?, that I had missed. I remember a legislator from Dallas who allegedly stopped at every drinking spot en route to Austin causing his journey to take at least eight hours. Such legislative probes were no doubt well justified in his mind to obtain valuable information and to defeat soberness by the time he arrived in Austin.

New Summerville, Henderson, Tatum. I was headed home to listen to the motions and emotions of the courtroom.

I drove past the areas where big machines were stripping the earth's surface to recover energy in the form of lignite. Some had said that I was far afield when I had introduced the first bill in the early seventies to require restoration of the surface after stripmining. It just seemed to me that we hold the earth in trust for future generations and that we owe them a duty of care. Even Mrs. Wilson's tom cat covers his own diggings.

I had not anticipated any bands or tickertape parades when I reached Marshall. Chase and Aussie Gooddog barked to welcome my

return. That is the nice thing about dogs. They are always glad to see me come home regardless of where I have been. I do not think that they were very big on the Legislature anyway.

Dawn had fixed me a bowl of chili for supper. I never have figured out how she always knows exactly what I have eaten for lunch.

After ten years, I deserve a depletion allowance. I reached for the alka-seltzer to calm my head and belly. I had lost my appetite for driving halfway across Texas.

Never again, a trip so long, so often.

LUDWIG F. LAFRENTZ AND THE GERMAN THEATER IN TEXAS: A PARTICIPANT'S REMINISCENCES

by Christa Carvajal and Annelise Duncan

The records of theater productions staged by German Texans throughout much of the nineteenth century are widely scattered and incomplete. No theater collection exists in Texas that includes even a marginally representative variety of written sources, such as prompt books, directors' notebooks, and theatrical artifacts from which the historian of German ethnic theater could derive a fairly complete account.[1]

To the still-fragmentary picture of German language theater in Texas, the recollections of Ludwig F. Lafrentz in *Deutsch-Texanische Monatshefte* add an important new piece.[2] Recently rediscovered, the memoirs substantiate certain conclusions of earlier historical studies, verify important production dates and names of participating artists, and offer a better perspective of the goals and actual accomplishments of German artistic efforts.[3] As the only detailed commentary on specific productions in Texas by a contemporary German amateur actor and director, the memoirs provide much needed insight into the practices of German theater artists and, additionally, the state of frontier theater in the middle decades of the last century.

Chroniclers of Texan cultures have repeatedly pointed out that the widespread theatrical activities of German Texans contributed measurably to the aesthetic climate of the Lone Star State.[4] Against this claim, Lafrentz' recollections assume considerable significance, contributing to an understanding of that tradition which instilled in German Texans a cultural high-mindedness and theater sophistication supposedly superior to that of other ethnic groups.

Lafrentz notes that, in 1857, producing German theater clubs existed not only in Fredericksburg, New Braunfels, and San Antonio, but also in Yorktown, Austin, LaGrange, Bastrop, and other smaller German communities. This information is verified by other sources.[5] A reference in *Fredericksburg, Texas: The First Fifty Years* establishes an amateur theater society in Fredericksburg as perhaps the earliest regularly producing German troupe in Texas. In 1850, this society built "a small but neat stage . . . in the Nimitz Hotel, and the artist Lungkwitz from Austin painted beautiful movable scenes."[6]

German ethnic theater in Texas began with the staging of the first part of the *Wallenstein* trilogy, *Wallenstein's Lager,* by Friedrich von Schiller, one of Germany's greatest playwrights. The conflict between the ambitious selection of a first-rate literary piece and the limited pro-

---

Christa Carvajal teaches in the Drama Department, and Annelise Duncan is in the Department of Foreign Languages at the University of Georgia.

duction resources created a problem even in this early effort that characterized most subsequent German-American theater activities in Texas and elsewhere.[7]

According to the chronicle of Fredericksburg's first fifty years, an ambitious theater effort at times resulted in unpredictable audience responses. On the occasion of a *Tannhauser* production, Mr. Frank van der Stucken had to play the part of a countess for lack of female actresses. The records state clearly that the audience "almost died laughing."[8]

Lafrentz' memoirs attempt a justification of German literary theater ambitions on the Texas frontier, the lack of artists to execute difficult choices notwithstanding. He writes:

> I have often heard the argument that an amateur theater should not attempt to produce the classic drama. Where a professional theater exists, I can accept that argument, but in the circumstances of frontier Texas . . . I must emphatically object to that proposition. I look upon theater not just as entertainment but, instead, as an educational institution for the benefit of participants as well as audiences. To accomplish that purpose, one has to reach always a little higher than the resources justify and the audience's taste demands.[9]

Other German directors apparently agreed with Lafrentz who reports in his memoirs that

> When, on November 10, 1859, Schiller's one-hundredth birthday was celebrated . . . *Die Braut von Messina* was presented in Yorktown. In LaGrange, Lambe's play *Die Karlsschuler*, treating an episode in the life of Schiller, was staged . . . A scene from *Don Carlos* (with Dr. Th. Herzberg as Philipp and Wm. Schunke as Pasa), and the scene between Stauffacher and his wife from *Wilhelm Tell* were staged in San Antonio. Presented in New Braunfels were the big forest scene from the second act of *Die Rauber* with C. Riefkohl as 'Carl Moor' and Hermann Seele as 'Pater,' and the Parricides [sic] scene from the fifth act of *Wilhelm Tell*.[10]

One of the most interesting passages of Lafrentz' memoirs describes in some detail a production of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, staged in 1869 in Bastrop. Well aware of the problem of casting this drama with a great number of characters, the director Lafrentz describes how he attempted to do justice to Schiller and *Wilhelm Tell:*

> I went about my task [of adaptation] as faithfully as possible. With real regret, I had to cut out the appearance of the Attinghausen family, including Bertha of Bruneck, as well as the first scenes of act one. I began [the play] with the scene in Walter Furst's house, during which the previous events (Baumgarten's flight, the banning of Zwing Uri, etc.) are told. Then the 'Rutt' scene followed as second act. Since we could not do a scene change in the open, we were forced to play

> [the drama] in eight acts which included: act three—in front of Tell's house; act four—the target; act five—at the Vierwaldtstatter lake; act six—the passage at Kussnacht; act seven —market place in Altdorf; act eight—in Tell's house.[11]

According to Lafrentz, there was considerable opposition from members of the German community to the staging of Schiller's idealistic drama in Bastrop by a local amateur troupe. Cries of "sacrilege" ceased, however, after opening night. "The audience," writes Lafrentz, "enjoyed . . . more true German poetry than [it could have] in a hundred plays of the old or new Kotzebue genre."[12]

> The opposition was represented in full force and, as usual, was silenced by the success [of our production]. Now the loudest opponents were the ones that could not praise us enough.[13]

With considerable humor, Lafrentz keeps reminding his readers that during the first decades after the Germans' arrival in the 1840s, Texas was not a part of the United States that attracted many professional theater troupes. Until railroads finally connected San Antonio with the rest of the world, this city, "was probably considered to have been situated on the very border of civilization and barbarian territory."[14] To immigrant Germans it looked very much like a place invented by a novelist "who was trying to have a somewhat believable background for a totally unbelievable story."[15] Within this environment, theater often seemed to happen in the city's very streets which were peopled "by Indians, phantastically adorned Mexicans, desperados who were armed to their teeth, cowboys and other figures straight out of fairy-tales."[16]

> Understandably, [in these circumstances] a professional theater was something one had to do without. Whatever the artistic efforts that could be mustered, they had to come from local dilettantes; but those who . . . gave their time, their talent and often their money as well, certainly did not have to be ashamed. Generally, a good fare was produced, which was often better than [just] good.[17]

The "better than just good" theater fare of the 1850s, 1860s, and 1870s in San Antonio was usually produced by the *Casino Verein.* Founded in 1854, the Casino Association saw as its primary goal the promotion and preservation of German culture and tradition. Only four years after its founding, members of the Association succeeded in the building of San Antonio's first opera house.[18] And

> . . . here, under the management of Mr. C. Listich, [theater] developed into a true art institution, whose amateur productions must be considered models of their kind . . . With leading men such as W. Schunke, H. Karber, F. Wild, Carl von Iwonski, W. C. A. Thielepape and others, and leading ladies such as Ida Karber, Pentenneder and others it was not surprising that good [theater] was indeed accomplished.[19]

According to Lafrentz, it was at the Casino theater, in 1872, that the well-known German-American actress, Methna Scheller, appeared as Philippine Welfer and Preciosa, also starring in *Kabale und Liebe* and *Von Stufe zu Stufe.*[20]. At this time, there were also two other German organizations that produced plays, namely the *Arbeiterverein,* and the *Vergnugungsverein "Harmonie."*[21] Neither association, however, could or did compete with the Casino Association.

It becomes quite obvious from Lafrentz' memoirs that, generally, German regional theater troupes produced a great deal of conventional melodramatic theater fare which catered to the tastes of nineteenth century audiences, Schiller productions for special commemorative occasions notwithstanding. Even the melodrama, however, presented the untrained German troupes with considerable production-related challenges.

Especially the immigrant generation had among them many educated individuals with theatrical knowledge. They became the directors, designers, and actors who attempted to follow as closely as circumstances permitted the professional theater, well remembered from Germany, where it was an important cultural institution for a large segment of society. German theater, therefore, was neither naive nor ritualistic but, instead, *burgerlich,* imitative, and nostalgic, as Lafrentz' memoirs point our repeatedly.

Among his reminiscences, Lafrentz recounts the tale of a founder's day celebration in New Braunfels which took place while he himself was in Bastrop. The theatrical society had reorganized after the Civil War and, a year or two later, felt that a celebration was in order. No matter the actual founding date, a founder's day was a good excuse for some lighthearted merriment after the cheerless war years.

> The theatrical society was able to look back upon a period of success. The performances had been well attended and well received. The society had afforded the New Braunfels public many an enjoyable evening while providing two new classrooms for the school. Sufficient reasons to justify a founder's day celebration."[22]

Since the public had been instrumental in the success of the theater, the society's plans for the festivities included its loyal audience.

> A one-act play by Gorner, *Schwarzer Peter,* provided the dramatic portion of the program, with a visiting young lady from San Antonio cast as the female lead while Mr. Sch., formerly a member of the New Braunfels society but now of San Antonio, had promised to be on hand to play the part of the old forester. This left the New Braunfels actors free to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The performance was to be followed by a banquet and the banquet by the inevitable ball."[23]

The eve of the celebration was spent cooking and baking for over a hundred invited guests and preparing the hall of the singing society to receive them. The day began bright and sunny but

> Not the least bit of confidence can be placed in Texas weather, and the weather clerk seems to look upon festivities with a very special malice . . . founder's day was no exception to the rule. Around 10 o'clock in the morning a heavy thunderstorm disgorged a cloudburst turning the prairie in the southern part of town and the road to the hall into a lake almost impassable on foot.[24]

The committee met quickly and decided not to postpone the festivities. Since there was no ice in those days, the perishable foods, already prepared, were a major consideration. Committee members dispersed throughout the town in search of all available vehicles, not an easy task because not many families owned carriages. Eventually, enough were secured to transport the ladies. The men took off shoes and socks and waded to the hall. Despite this inconvenience, all the guests were in good spirits as they waited for the arrival of Mr. Sch. and the beginning of the play. When the actor did not appear, living pictures were improvised to the delight of the audience. The dance following the excellent banquet lasted until daylight. The eventual arrival of Mr. Sch., who had been delayed by impassable roads, inspired the committee to continue the celebration that evening by staging the *Schwarze Peter* after all. Lafrentz concludes his story with the observation that while the weather created obstacles, it could not prevent but only double a festive occasion for the enthusiastic New Braunfelsers of that day to commemorate their heritage.

In another reminiscence entitled "Traveling Artists," Lafrentz comments on the state of theater in Texas as perceived by two self-proclaimed professional actors from the east. The setting for the episode was the Bastrop Casino-Theater which had continued to stage performances with more or less regularity, always inspired by a small group of art enthusiasts. It was a peaceful Sunday afternoon gathering of five Casino members that first received the news: a Mr. and Mrs. Genee had arrived, uninvited and unannounced, to give a concert! A prominent actress and a renowned dramatist by that name were well known but not related to the visitors who boasted of a glittering operatic career on all major stages of Europe and America. The pair claimed to have foregone the most attractive offers in order to bring true art to the "poor Texans."

However, lamented Mrs. Genee,

> there is little appreciation for the arts here in Texas. I had envisioned it to be very different. The people here seem to prefer any popular song to the most beautiful arias of our classical operas. On top of that, a dilettante arrogance pre-

> vails that is downright incredible. Just imagine, after a concert in a tiny village, a farmer quartet sang to my husband his main number, *In einem kuhlen Grunde,* to show how it should be done. The howling made me quite ill.[25]

Lafrentz discovers later that the "terrible" incident had, indeed, taken place but that "howling" best described Mr. Genee's singing, not that of the quartet.

Mrs. Genee also commented on the hardships of travel in Texas, particularly by ox cart. However, once returned to their charming villa on the Hudson, she hoped to recover in time and be able to laugh at these Texas adventures. The villa, the not-so-gullible Casino members suspected, was probably a castle in the air, designed to impress.

The couple had high hopes for their appearance in Bastrop, and obliging Casino members tried to arouse interest in the community for the concert. Meanwhile, an "unspeakable" incident involving the couple's landlady reduced Mrs. Genee to tears, and only a concerted effort and move to different quarters persuaded her to stay for the performance. Attendance at the concert was so light that the proceeds did not cover the license fee; the public performance had to be cancelled and the money refunded. Instead, the Casino held a social evening for members only, not subject to licensing by the sheriff. The couple sang their program and were compensated through a voluntary collection. The quality of the rendition Lafrentz describes thus:

> I will not deny that the concert did not satisfy even us greatly who were ready to perceive the best in it and were not spoiled. Madame had a somewhat worn-out but still melodious and well-trained soprano voice but her husband proved that he had the pretentions but not the ability of an artist.[26]

He concludes with the hope that the "artist pair," departing as they had arrived, by ox cart, would find greener pastures elsewhere and would soon be able to recover from their Texas ordeal in their "villa on the Hudson."

Lafrentz concludes his memoirs with the admission that, once Texas became a state connected with the rest of the country by railroads, the theater enthusiasm of German Texans shifted to a wholehearted support of American traveling theater companies visiting the Lone Star State. He writes:

> Their repertory consisted of the best dramas in English literature and their productions were, in spite of inadequate stages and sets, generally good. *Herr* Ernst Rische [manager of the Casino Association facilities in San Antonio] made, soon after railroad connections were established, an agreement with the Casino and later with the *Turnverein* to book out-of-stage troupes for a regular theatrical season.[27]

Once English language theater flourished, the demand for theatrical offerings in German ceased. In Texas, as Lafrentz' memoirs point out,

the German community eventually replaced its own dramatic activities with loyal support of American productions, which offered what the German Texans had always cherished: lively theater.

NOTES

[1]Some prompt books and scripts of late nineteenth century German plays are part of the theater collection at the University of Texas at Austin. They have not yet been traced, however, to specific theaters or theater artists in Texas. Reviews of some German language productions can be found in various German language newspapers of which the *Neu Braunfelser Zeitung* in the collection of the Sophienburg Memorial Museum at New Braunfels seems to have been the most theater attentive.

The "Casino Club Papers" at the University of Texas at San Antonio include some financial records of productions in San Antonio. The growing theater collection of the San Antonio Public Library, initially gathered and presently being catalogued by John Igo of San Antonio College, includes a few programs and some artifacts of German language productions.

[2]The issues of *Deutsch-Texanische Monatschefte* containing Ludwig F. Lafrentz' theater recollections (in German) were found in the personal collection of the recently deceased Frederic Oheim of New Braunfels by James Patrick McGuire of the Institute of Texan Cultures who made them available to the authors of this paper.

[3]See: Christa Carvajal, "German Theaters in Central Texas: 1850-1915," Diss. The University of Texas at Austin 1977.

[4]See: Debra Harvick Stone, "The Drama in San Antonio: 1889-1894," (M.A. Thesis, St. Mary's University, San Antonio 1944), and Adel Speiser, "The Story of the Theater in San Antonio," (M.A. Thesis, St. Mary's University, San Antonio 1948).

[5]Ludwig F. Lafrentz, "Deutsch-Texanische Theater-Reminiscenzen," *Deutsch-Texanische Monatshefte,* 5, No. 1 (1900), 12.

[6]Robert Pennigen, Fredericksburg, Texas: *The First Fifty Years,* trans. Charles L. Wisseman (Fredericksburg, 1971), p. 34.

[7]Carvajal, 35-38.

[8]Penniger, 35.

[9]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 9 (1900), 141.

[10]*Monatshefts,* 5, No. 1 (1900), 13-14.

[11]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 9 (1900), 141.

[12]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 9 (1900), 142.

[13]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 9 (1900), 142.

[14]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 11 (1900), 165.

[15]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 11 (1900), 165.

[16]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 11 (1900), 165.

[17]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 11 (1900), 165.

[18]Speiser, 21.

[19]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 11 (1900), 165.

[20]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 11 (1900), 166.

[21]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 11 (1900), 166.

[22]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 3 (1900), 44.

[23]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 3 (1900), 44.

[24]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 3 (1900), 44.

[25]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 6 (1900), 92.

[26]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 6 (1900), 93.

[27]*Monatshefte,* 5, No. 12 (1900), 186.

EAST TEXAS COLLOQUY

The Fall meeting of the Association, and the Twentieth Anniversary meeting, convened at Nacogdoches on September 24-25 on the campus of Stephen F. Austin State University. The Friday evening session featured Bob Bowman's presentation of "Lufkin: A Place for Pioneers" to help that city celebrate its centennial. On Saturday three sessions on agriculture and transportation, historic restoration and preservation, and congressional politics featured six papers, and the luncheon address was provided by the Honorable Ralph W. Yarborough, a charter member of the Association. At the morning break a special anniversary cake was served by Mrs. C. K. Chamberlain of Nacogdoches and Mrs. W. S. Terry of Jefferson.

Special awards presented at the luncheon included the C. K. Chamberlain Award for the best article to appear in volume XIX of the *Journal,* which went to Randolph B. Campbell of North Texas State University for his article "Family History from Local Records." The Chamberlain Committee, chaired by Joe White, Director of the Oil Museum at Kilgore College, also announced a successful endowment drive to fund the annual Chamberlain Award at $50.00. F. Lee Lawrence of Tyler was made Director Emeritus to recognize his unique contributions to the Association, including serving as first president of the Association and then serving continuously thereafter as a member

F. Lee Lawrence, Mrs. Ann Phillips, Miss Mildred Wyatt, and Capt. Charles Phillips.

of the Board of Directors. The first fellowships of the Association, which honors distinguished writing on East Texas history, went to Randolph B. Campbell, Joseph M. Nance of Texas A&M University (retired), Robert S. Maxwell and Archie P. McDonald, both of Stephen F. Austin State University. These presentations were made by Ralph Wooster, Dean of Faculties at Lamar University.

A special Resolution of Appreciation to our host institution, Stephen F. Austin State University, was presented to President William R. Johnson by F. Lee Lawrence, chairman of the Twentieth Anniversary Committee. Dr. Johnson accepted the resolution and pledged continued support for the Association. The text of the resolution follows:

RESOLUTION OF APPRECIATION
FROM
EAST TEXAS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
TO
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE UNIVERSITY

WHEREAS, in the summer of 1962, the administration of Stephen F. Austin State University pledged the support of the University to efforts devoted to formation of an association dedicated to the preservation of the history of East Texas; and

WHEREAS, at the organizational meeting of the East Texas Historical Association on September 29, 1962, Stephen F. Austin State University fulfilled its pledge by making available the services of Dr.

Archie P. McDonald, The Hon. Ralph W. Yarborough, Max S. Lale.

Mrs. W. S. Terry and Mrs. C. K. Chamberlain.

C. K. Chamberlain as the first Executive Director and Editor along with office space and secretarial support; and

WHEREAS, since that time the administration of Stephen F. Austin State University has continued to furnish a headquarters for the East Texas Historical Association on the campus of the University in Nacogdoches; and

WHEREAS, subsequent to the death of Dr. C. K. Chamberlain, the administration of the University has made available to the Association as Executive Director and Editor, Dr. Archie P. McDonald; and

WHEREAS, throughout the past twenty years Stephen F. Austin State University has given support, subsistence and encouragement to the Association in more ways than can be enumerated here and without which the Association could not have survived; and

WHEREAS, on this the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the East Texas Historical Association, its members desire to express their deep sense of gratitude and indebtedness to the administration, faculty and staff of Stephen F. Austin State University for the years of assistance which the University has furnished to the Association enabling it to serve not only its members but the people of East Texas in the preservation of the history of this region.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the members of the East Texas Historical Association assembled in Nacogdoches, Texas on the occasion of its twentieth anniversary, that the Association gratefully recognize Stephen F. Austin State University for its invaluable support and assistance rendered to the Association for the past twenty years and does hereby express the thanks of all members, past, present and future, for the many contributions made by the University to the continued existence and well being of this Association.

Adopted unanimously on this the 25th day of September, 1982, at Nacogdoches, Texas.

Max Lale, President
F. Lee Lawrence, Chairman
of the Anniversary Committee

On May 17, 1982, Malcolm D. McLean, Director of the Robertson Colony Papers at the University of Texas at Arlington, received the "Captain Alonso de Leon Steel Medal for Historic Merit," given by the Nuevo Leon Society of History, Geography and Statistics in Monterrey, Nuevo Leon, Mexico. The award is presented annually to distinguished scholars of international reputation. McLean is editor of the ongoing series, *Papers Concerning Robertson's Colony In Texas.*

The University of Texas, Austin, Barker Texas History Center announces the acquisition of materials belonging to Dr. Joseph Henry Barnard, a surgeon who served in the Texas Revolution, as well as materials documenting the career of Luther H. Evans, director of UNESCO from 1953 to 1958 and Librarian of Congress from 1945 to 1953. They also announce the translation of the 200th volume of the Bexar Archives.

A new publication, *Windmillers' Gazette,* a quarterly magazine of American windmill history, has been announced. It deals with the history of turbine-wheel type American windmills and the collecting and restoration of antique wind machines. It is available for $8.00 annually from P. O. Box 7, W.T. Station, Canyon, TX 79106. T. Lindsay Baker serves as publisher.

The Southside Virginian, a genealogical quarterly devoted to research in the counties located in southern Virginia has also been launched. Contact *The Southside Virginian,* P. O. Box 118, Richmond, VA 23201. Subscription: $15.00.

And, we have recently learned of the Center for the Study of the Presidency, which publishes the *Presidential Studies Quarterly.* This is the only national public policy research center with its primary focus on the American presidency. The Center, and its *Quarterly,* examines both domestic and foreign policy, decision-making, relationships with the Congress, and organization. Subscription: $20.00 annually, $15.00 for students. Contact Membership Secretary, Center for the Study of the Presidency, 208 East 75th Street, New York, New York 10021.

The Association was saddened this year by the death of Judge C. M. Langford, President of the East Texas Historical Association in 1969-70. The following memorial was prepared by Robert S. Maxwell.

JUDGE C. M. LANGFORD

Judge Charles Mastern Langford, a charter member of the East Texas Historical Association, died in Nacogdoches on May 20, 1982, at the age of 79. Born October 29, 1902 in Celina, Texas, he was a resident of Rusk County most of his life. He attended Austin College, Sherman, where he received the Bachelor of Arts degree with majors in History and Mathematics. Later he studied at the University of Texas at Austin, graduating with a Bachelor of Science in Petroleum Engineering. At both institutions he participated in varsity athletics, lettering in football, baseball and track. An excellent baseball pitcher, he played with a number of semi-pro teams and received a professional offer from the Chicago Cubs.

Langford did petroleum studies for corporations in Arkansas and Oklahoma as well as in Texas. For a number of years he served as chief engineer for the Texas Railroad Commission and was a friend of Col. Ernest Thompson, Chairman of the Commission. He later served as County Judge of Rusk County.

Judge Langford enjoyed a life-long interest in history and was active in a number of local and regional organizations. The East Texas Historical Association in 1962 elected him as a vice president in its initial slate of officers. He later served the ETHA as President during

the 1970 term. He was a student of state and local history, especially the history of Trammel's Trace and other early East Texas roads. He was also interested in his family history, traveling to Kentucky and Tennessee, and the Carolinas in search of family records.

Members of the East Texas Historical Association join his five sons and numerous grandchildren in mourning his passing and honoring his contribution in many fields.

On July 18, 1982, Mrs. Georgiana Lale, wife of President Max Lale, died suddenly in Marshall. Of all the memorials Georgiana received, none could equal the final tribute Bill Moyers delivered on the CBS Evening News of July 20. It is reproduced here with Mr. Moyers' permission:

A FOND FAREWELL TO GEORGIANA LALE

By Bill Moyers—CBS Evening News

There is so much wholesale death on the market these days that the world will not pause for the passing of one individual unless that person is notorious or notable. I would like to make an exception tonight. A friend of mine died Sunday and was buried today in a cemetery among the pine trees of East Texas.

Her name was Georgiana Lale and she is mourned in a small place as a president or poet laureate might be in the nation at large. She wrote no poetry except with her affection for friends and husband and held no office except those stations which citizens must fill to keep things going. The Trinity Episcopal Church would not have been the same without her; nor the local chapter of University Women; nor the Red Cross nursing home volunteers of whom scores were trained by her to counsel and care for the elderly. Nor would the hummingbirds have been fed so lovingly on Fitzgerald Street.

A Goody Twoshoes she wasn't. She talked and smoked as if cigarettes and gossip would be banned in the life hereafter. And when the bishop wasn't looking, she indulged a hot toddy.

Everyone knew that she carried on a long affair with the past. Not for the sake of nostalgia but out of a kinship with all that lived then and now. If you go to Marshall, you will see her handiwork where old homes have been restored with great respect—and only a touch of romance. She never wanted anything to be more than it was, but neither should it be less.

I cannot count the ways she mattered, or her kind everywhere. If you look closely at the fabric of civilization which overlays the passions of this race, you will discover it held together with tiny rows of thread

stitched by the hands of anonymous folk. No community makes it without them; no school, no church, no neighborhood or society. They hold their loyalties with an integrity stronger than any gale but death.

Anonymous? Yes.

Except to those of us who know them.

We are pleased to announce the completion of the manuscript for the Index to the first twenty volumes of the *Journal*. The manuscript was prepared by Donald W. Whisenhunt of the University of Texas at Tyler, and is currently being printed by the Eakin Press of Burnet. The book will be released in the Spring of 1983, and should be available at the Spring meeting in Huntsville.

Other books of interest to our readers includes another by Don, also published by the Eakin Press. It is *Chronology of Texas History* (Eakin Press, Box AG, Burnet, TX 78611), and is keyed to *The Handbook of Texas*. It covers the years 900 A.D. to 1917, and is indexed for convenient use.

The Complete Unabridged Armadillo Handbook including *All You Wanted to Know About Armadillos & Were Afraid to Ask!*, by Angela Farris Fannin, with photos and cartoons by Jerry W. Fannin, is also available from Eakin. It will make a nice gift for Yankee friends, and you will enjoy looking through it before you give it to them.

Anahuac in 1832: The Cradle of the Texas Revolution, by Margaret Swett Henson, and published by the Fort Anahuac Committee of the Chambers County Historical Commission, is also available. Margaret has some interesting revisions about the opening guns of the Texas Revolution. Copies are available from the Battle of Fort Anahuac Committee, Drawer D, Anahuac, Texas 77514.

The University of Texas Press has rereleased J. Frank Dobie's *Out of the Old Rock* and *Rattlesnakes*, in a paper edition. For those who like their Texas folklore from the old master, these will be right up your alley.

Finally, the Texas A&M Press has released another of their superb photographic essays. This one is entitled *Coastal Texas, Water, Land, and Wildlife*, with photos and text by John L. Tveten. If you like beaches and the land and water life which abounds around them, you can't help but enjoy this book, and if you have beach-freaks in your family, as I do, this will make an excellent gift.

BOOK REVIEWS

Ashbel Smith of Texas, Pioneer, Patriot, Statesman, 1805-1886. By Elizabeth Silverthorne. (Texas A&M Univ. Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843), 1982. Photographs, Bibliography, Index. p. 259. $24.50.

Ashbel Smith made so many contributions to the development of the Lone Star State during his half century of residence in Texas that it seems impossible that almost a century passed since his death without a biography. Elizabeth Silverthorne has written a magnificent book detailing the life of this exceptional man: surgeon, teacher, writer, farmer, politician, diplomat, soldier. Truly a man for all seasons.

Born in Connecticut in 1805, Ashbel received a degree from Yale in 1823 and accepted a teaching position in Salisbury, North Carolina for a few years. Here he put down his roots, returning to practice medicine after receiving his diploma from Yale in 1828, and from his study of surgery in Paris in 1831. Ever restless and with a keen desire to travel, he left for a tour to Texas, but retained his property in North Carolina expecting that he would eventually return.

But Texas captured his interest and he remained a loyal citizen for the next fifty years. He arrived in Houston in March, 1937, and President Sam Houston named his Surgeon General of the Texas Army, a post he retained during Houston's administration. In 1839 he devoted himself to private practice in Galveston and survived the yellow fever epidemic of that year. He wrote a pamphlet describing the effects and treatments used, and proved that the disease was not contagious; yellow fever remained one of his major interests and he published other papers on the subject.

With the return of his friend Houston to the presidency in 1841, Smith became involved in international politics as *charge d'affaires* to London and Paris. Upon his return in 1844, President Anson Jones named him Secretary of State; he and Jones committed themselves to a policy of remaining independent with the influence of France and Great Britain whose representatives tried to force Mexico to acknowledge the Republic of Texas in order to prevent annexation to the United States. Public opinion, however, overwhelmingly favored joining the U.S. and his enemies hanged Ashbel in effigy. Once Texas was part of the Union, Smith joined the Texas volunteers who hastened to join General Zachary Taylor's army, but he left the Rio Grande in August, 1846, without seeing any action due to an "apoplectic" seizure. Smith again followed his state in 1861, when at age 56, he accepted command of the Bayland Guards and he led his company to Tennessee to join former friend, General Albert Sidney Johnston. Wounded slightly at Shiloh, Smith returned to duty at Vicksburg in 1863, promoted from

captain to colonel, and later commanded a coastal defense near Caney Creek. Transferred to Galveston in 1865, he surrendered to General Gordon Granger in July.

Smith's other contributions to Texas were more peaceful. He developed a plantation on upper Galveston Bay near Baytown where he experimented with wheat, rye, sheep, and grapes in addition to more usual cash crops of cotton, sugar, and corn. He served as the Superintendent of the Houston Academy for a time, represented Harris County in the Legislature both before and after the war, accepted an appointment to the first board of regents of the new University of Texas in 1881, and remained active in university affairs until 1885, the year before his death. He retained his interest in politics and the medical profession, publishing articles on various topics. While he never married, Smith had formed close friendships with several women and had suffered through broken romances more than once. One of the greatest satisfactions came from an orphan girl, Anna Allen, who became his foster daughter. As a wedding gift, Smith gave Anna Allen Wright 75 acres near his home, land that in 1916 was part of the Goose Creek oil field.

This book will please both those who enjoy biography and those who want to know more about the history of Texas, especially southeastern Texas, between 1837 and 1886. Silverthorne is a good story teller and has done her research well.

Margaret Swett Henson
University of Houston at Clear Lake City

Fugitive Letters, 1829-1836: Stephen F. Austin to David G. Burnet. Compiled by Jacqueline Beretta Tomerlin; introduction by Catherine McDowell. (Trinity University Press, 715 Stadium Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78284), 1981. p. 61. $10.00.

This small volume contains previously unpublished letters written by Stephen F. Austin to David G. Burnet between 1829 and 1836. The letters remained in the hands of a Burnet heir until the 1950s, when they were acquired by Gilbert M. Denman, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beretta. Appropriately, Mrs. Beretta is a descendant of Moses Austin, and her daughter, a sixth generation Texan, compiled the letters. Thus, the book is peculiarly a memorial to the historic Austin family.

The letters are important inversely to the size of the book. Collectively, they trace Austin's changing feelings toward Mexico and his transformation from loyal citizen to revolutionary. In the early letters he discussed the colonization of Texas; in the later ones, the development and success of the Texan Revolution. One he wrote while detained in Mexico; another, only weeks before his death. Of special interest

are his letters regarding the convention of 1833 and his reports on his mission to the United States in 1836. Of interest, too, is his design of a flag for Texas, a design that pictures the new republic as the child of the United States and the grandchild of England.

The letters generally confirm Eugene C. Barker's interpretations in his biography of Stephen F. Austin, and the handsomely printed book is an indispensable supplement to Barker's *Austin Papers*.

Marilyn McAdams Sibley
Houston Baptist University

Texas' Last Frontier: Fort Stockton And The Trans-Pecos, 1861-1895. By Clayton Williams. (Texas A&M Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 78843), 1982. Table of Contents, Preface, Maps, Illustrations, Bibliography, and Index. p. 457, $19.50.

As a native of West Texas and a resident of Fort Stockton for about nine decades, the author has spent years collecting historical research materials to produce this volume. At his disposal has been his father's numerous manuscripts and historical sources; in addition, he has talked to or personally interviewed many pioneers or their descendants. Professional historians and buffs alike who have had an interest in the Trans-Pecos region have long valued the manuscripts of the father of the author, Oscar Waldo Williams. This book by Clayton Williams is a significant regional history of the Southwest.

The reader should not misinterpret the "Trans-Pecos" in the title of the book to mean a detailed discussion of the more populated locations such as either Alpine or Marfa in the Big Bend area or El Paso in far West Texas. The author's method of presentation is to focus on the evolution of Fort Stockton and shift to other locations inside and outside of Texas to inform the reader of incidents related to this frontier. In the first chapter, there is a general treatment of the Civil War era and the role of Fort Stockton in this critical period. The book is divided into four major parts, and the chapter arrangement is a rather unique chronological presentation with each chapter representing a brief time period.

Typical of some isolated frontier garrisons, Fort Stockton was slow to develop a civilian community. After it was established in the late 1850s, only a few civilians were attracted to its remote location on the southern trail from San Antonio to El Paso; more than four hundred miles of near desolation lay between the capital of the state, Austin, and this frontier garrison. From the founding of the fort to the permanent abandonment by the military in the mid 1880s, its primary role was to provide security for local residents but also protection for a

variety of travelers, drovers, or wagon masters on the trails in the Trans-Pecos domain.

Fort Stockton was vulnerable to Indian attack because it was situated near the Comanche War Trail and Comanche Springs. One major contribution of the book is the author's reviewing numerous Indian depredations by the Mescalero and Lipan Apaches as well as various bands of Comanches. There are accounts of Indian attacks on wagon trains, mail coaches, wood cutters, cattlemen, sheepmen, and farmers.

Also included in this volume is the spread of the range cattle industry into West Texas. Not only does the author discuss the early cattle drives in this region, but he also traces some of the pioneer stockmen and the problems they endured. Typical of open range conditions, the stockmen of this area practiced communal roundups and aided one another in overcoming common obstacles. As population was attracted to the western part of the state, local governments were formed to serve the residents.

By 1886 and the permanent abandonment of the troops from Fort Stockton, the civilian community was forced to adjust itself to more self-sufficient enterprises other than being dependent on the military. In addition to the cattle and sheep industries, the author treats the evolution of irrigation companies and the expansion of farming along the river sources. The arrival of both the telegraph and railroads aided in improving communication and transportation.

One of the concluding chapters treats individual and family feuds that occurred in the decade following the closing of the garrison. Local authorities and residents were forced to call upon the Texas Rangers to quell the lawlessness stimulated by fighting factions and outlaw elements. A fitting ending to the book is the author's presentation of the fate of the pioneers of this first generation at Fort Stockton.

J. Morgan Broaddus
The University of Texas at El Paso

TEXAS RAILROADS A Record of Construction and Abandonment. By Charles P. Zlatkovich. (Austin, Bureau of Business Research, University of Texas at Austin, Texas), 1981. p. 139, Appendix, Illustrations, Maps, Bibliography.

This study of the development of the railroads of Texas traces their history from their beginnings through the mergers and reorganizations to 1980. It thus complements and updates St. Clair G. Reed's *A History of the Texas Railroads,* which is now more than forty years old. Based largely on the records of the Texas Railroad Commission,

Charles Zlatkovich has followed the story of each chartered railroad from its construction and development period through various name and ownership changes until the line was eventually merged with one of the large systems, was abandoned, or is still operational.

Accompanying the text are concise tables and charts which give the reader pertinent information concerning the state of the railroad industry in Texas from 1853 to 1980. One section provides a chronological record of Texas railroads by year; another traces the history of each company, whether the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe (3,371.73 miles) or the Moscow, Camden and San Augustine (6.87 miles).

Zlatkovich also includes a section on the seven major rail systems which operate in Texas. Largest and oldest of these is the Southern Pacific, which serves most of the major cities and traverses all parts of the state except the northwest section and the Panhandle. Although the SP was familiar to Texans from Houston to El Paso as early as 1881, the Huntington road had no legal existence in Texas until after World War II. The company operated its system through a series of leases and stock ownership.

There are some minor errors which, perhaps, are due to the author's reliance on the Railroad Commission's Reports instead of more recent monographs. For example, the Houston, East & West Texas reached Nacogdoches in May, 1883 not 1882. The same road was completed in January, 1886 rather than in 1885 as stated. But in general the volume has been well-researched and carefully compiled. Worthy of special mention are the series of excellent maps which shows the Texas railroad picture by decade from 1860 to the present.

This is a welcome and useful addition to the literature on Texas railroads. It should become the standard reference work on the construction and abandonment of railroads in the Lone Star State.

Robert S. Maxwell
Stephen F. Austin State University

Gone from Texas: Our Lost Architectural Heritage. By Willard B. Robinson (Texas A&M Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843), 1981. Photography, Index, Drawings, Bibliography. p. 296. $29.95.

Gone from Texas: Our Lost Architectural Heritage by Willard B. Robinson is one of the most important studies of Texas history to have been written in recent years. More than an account of buildings, the volume deals with the nature of the Texas experience from pre-history to the present as defined in those buildings which, for a variety of reasons, are no longer standing.

In one respect, the work is not a happy one. No person interested in the history of Texas can be pleased to read of and see buildings which have been destroyed. The loss of so many of our landmarks from the past, including such structures as the *Vereins Kirche* in Fredericksburg, Galveston's City Hall and Houston's Masonic Lodge Building of 1868 represents a loss of a part of the past which is increasingly difficult to accept in a time when that past is disappearing with ever greater rapidity. Yet Robinson does not advocate preservation for the sake of preservation. As his volume unfolds, he makes it clear that historical, economic and social factors must be kept in mind when making a decision to preserve a structure.

Yet, although the volume is an account of a tragedy, it is in itself a triumph. Not only does the author bring together images of much that would have disappeared completely from our memory if not for his work, he does so in a manner that represents the best of historical scholarship. Using a chronological approach, he examines the development of Texas from its pre-history beginnings through the period of Spanish and Mexican expansion and on into the era of the Austin Colony, the Republic and Statehood, ending with the buildings of the 1930s. Undoubtedly every reader will be a bit disappointed that a favorite structure has not been included in the book, but the scale of the project makes this inevitable. Even so, every part of the state is represented and the author made an effort to include a variety of structures from the commercial and industrial world, as well as the full range of domestic buildings.

Of most value, from the historical perspective, is the consideration of the structures as evidence of the life of the past. Robinson includes a discussion of economic, environmental and social variables as well as a review of the history of styles of architecture. This may be the most unique part of the book, for all too few of those who write about the history of buildings make any attempt to go beyond the discussion of style and consider the reasons for the building. Robinson does this and he does it very effectively.

Texas A&M Press is also to be congratulated, both for publishing the book, which was the 100th volume that the press has produced, and doing so in an effective manner. The design brings together pictures and text most effectively and, in all, the book is very pleasing.

We are indeed fortunate to have such a book in the library of Texana, and the work will be of value to the general historian as well as to those interested in the history of architecture. This is a work which should be on the shelves of anyone who is concerned about the history of Texas.

Patrick H. Butler III
Harris County Heritage Society

The Red River in Southwestern History. By Carl Newton Tyson. (The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK 73019), 1981. Bibliography, Index, Maps, Photographs. p. xiii plus 222. $14.95.

This is a history not of a single state, but of a river serving the entire southwest—the Red River. Carl Newton Tyson skillfully blends many seemingly unrelated occurrences into a single well-written narrative covering a span of almost three and one-half centuries. He leads the reader from struggle to struggle, from episode to episode, and does so in a most enjoyable manner. The book is extremely easy to follow—a major asset, but also a liability, at least from the historian's standpoint. Unfortunately, the smooth transition from subject to subject often necessitates omission of pertinent details and even complete events.

After devoting a whole chapter on newer dams and reservoirs on the upper Red and its tributaries, Tyson disregards the recent construction on the lower Red—such as the Old River Control Structure (completed in 1962) and Lock & Dam No. 1 (begun in 1977)—which represent the initial steps toward renewal of river traffic. Another chapter covers the Greer County controversy, but the author ignores an earlier and livelier dispute when, during the 1830s, Miller County, Arkansas and Red River County, Texas claimed jurisdiction over virtually the same territory. Tyson discusses in detail the early Indians and their environment, but fails to mention the Quapaws, whose catastrophic experiences on Red River led historian Grant Foreman to comment, "It is doubtful if there is a more pathetic chapter in the annals of history." Also neglected are the highly successful Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, which operated from the 1830s until 1907 across what is now Southern Oklahoma. Overlooked as well are the two events that focused early congressional and newspaper attention to the area—the 1838 "invasion" of Northwest Louisiana by the Republic of Texas militia and the 1839-40 Chihuahua trade expedition to Red River.

Although the omissions listed stress the need for a more comprehensive and definitive treatment, they do not necessarily weaken the overall importance of Tyson's short book. What he has done, in a very readable way, is to provide us with an excellent overview.

Thomas F. Ruffin
Shreveport, Louisiana

Essays on Southern History Written in Honor of Barnes F. Lathrop. Gary W. Gallagher, Editor. (The General Libraries, The University of Texas Press, P.O. Box P, Austin, TX 78712), 1982. Index. P. 182. $25.00.

These six essays were written by former students of Professor Barnes F. Lathrop of the University of Texas (now retired). The essays are efforts to recognize the high quality of Lathrop's contribution to historical scholarship. Professor Lathrop quickly won respect from his graduate students and colleagues when he began supervision of master's theses and doctoral dissertations right after World War II. All of us who were there then recall Lathrop's firm but relaxed style. He sought to develop our understanding of what the profession of history was all about. During the years since our arduous but rewarding stay at UT, several of us have often affirmed to each other at convention time or on social occasions that Barnes Lathrop was a "Professor's Professor."

The editor of this essay honorarium tells us that altogether Lathrop directed over seventy-five theses and dissertations and that a third of the dissertations and five of the theses have been published. Such a shelf of books bears testimony, indeed, to Lathrop's skill as a tutor. As Mr. Gallagher says: "Students could not count on Lathrop's approbation, but they could be sure he judged their work honestly and fairly." (P. 11)

The essays include articles by Professors Alwyn Barr of Texas Tech University; Dwight F. Henderson of Indiana University, Ft. Wayne; Paul E. Isaac of Lamar University; Stephen B. Oates of the University of Massachusetts; Frank E. Vandiver, now President of Texas A&M; and Ralph Wooster of Lamar University.

Barr's essay on "Black Migration into Southwestern Cities, 1865-1900" employs Professor Lathrop's child ladder method of determining migration. Henderson's look at "Federal Justice in Louisiana; The First Quarter Century" chronicles court behavior toward such interesting people as Jean Lafitte, James Long and other filibuster types of the era. Paul Isaac takes another look at "William Howard Taft and Factional Leaders in Tennessee, 1908." Naturally, Taft and Roosevelt hoped embryonic signs of Republican Party development in the South would mature in a meaningful way. Isaac finds that Taft tried throughout his term to convert Southern whites to his party. Although he won more votes in Tennessee in 1912 than Roosevelt, he failed to carry the state. The Solid South remained "solid."

Professor Oates in his essay on Lincoln and the slaveholding South says that Lincoln always sympathized with the "mass of southern people and thought them inherently humane and patriotic." (P. 97) However, Lincoln was determined not to let slavery expand. After the Dred Scott

decision he feared the institution might spread westward or even cross old lines of freedom. Lincoln failed to see the seriousness of the secession crisis of 1860-61, calling it "humbug." Later, with the border states threatening to secede, "Lincoln seemed confused, incredulous, at what was happening to his country." (P. 107) Oates takes exception to the view that Lincoln would have treated the South in a moderate and magnaminous manner after the war. In Oates' opinion Lincoln agreed with the so-called radicals that the "South had to be remade." (P. 113).

Frank Vandiver, prospective biographer of Jefferson Davis, comments in his essay on "The Shifting Roles" of the Confederate President. Vandiver believes that Davis' biographers have "erred in looking too strictly for an individual." Davis and the Confederate cause "have been melded in history." (P. 119). Davis felt no guilt about his cause. In Vandiver's view, and the present reviewer agrees with that view, "modern historians intellectualize too much, look too much for meaning, too little for the heart." (P. 129).

In "Wealthy Southerners on the Eve of the Civil War," Ralph Wooster compiles a list of millionaires, using census returns and other sources. Widening his list considerably, he tells us the manuscript returns of the Eighth United States Census reveal over 8,000 southerners who owned $100,000 or more in total property in 1860. Although their number made up less than one percent of the total free population of the South, their influence was enormous. Wooster then offers interesting data on the social interests of these economic leaders. Some of them did not support the Confederacy. On the whole, however, they supported secession by over 2-1 (3-1 in the lower South). Wooster finds that even "excluding the wealthy delegates from South Carolina and Texas, conventions with little opposition to secession, the ratio of men of wealth supporting secession in the region was greater than that of the bodies overall." (P. 152).

Fittingly, the publication was made possible by the Littlefield Fund for Southern History. Eight hundred copies have been printed.

James L. Nichols
Stephen F. Austin State University

Rank and File, Civil War Essays in Honor of Bell Irvin Wiley. Edited by James I. Robertson, Jr., and Richard M. McMurry. (Presidio Press, 1114 Irwin Street, San Rafael, CA 94901), 1976. p. 164. $8.95.

As honorary compilations go, this particular effort by several of Professor Wiley's graduate students is outstanding. And that is appropriate, as Bell Wiley was a distinguished advocate of scholarly work. Authors of the eight articles include Professors Henry T. Malone, Michael B. Dougan, Richard M. McMurry, Norman B. Ferris, Willard E. Wight, Arnold Shankman, James I. Robertson, Jr., and Maury Klein. John Porter Bloom prepared a bibliography of Wiley's extensive writings.

For historiographers the most valuable contribution is by Henry T. Malone, which brings Wiley to life in an eighteen-page biographical summary entitled "Bell Irvin Wiley: Uncommon Soldier." Michael Dougan follows with a treatment of a colorful Confederate personality, General Thomas C. Hindman of Arkansas. Dougan believes Hindman deserves more attention than he has received from military historians and students of the "War."

Co-editor McMurry's offering consists of "Rise to Glory: A Speculative Essay on the Early Career of John Bell Hood." McMurry attempts to trace those earlier experiences which influenced Hood's later career as a commander of men. He finds that Hood "like many Southern generals" "could not command; he could only lead." By 1864, Hood was unable physically to provide necessary "close supervision of his army's battles."

Next, Norman B. Ferris discusses what he calls a "Trans-Atlantic Misunderstanding: Willian Henry Seward and the Declaration of Paris Negotiation of 1861." Ferris finds it fortunate that Seward held the State position when the diplomatic crisis between the United States and Great Britain developed early in the Civil War. Ferris believes American diplomatic historians should re-examine "the myth" of Seward's bellicosity toward England.

Willard E. Wight's sketch on "Colonel Cyrus B. Harkie: A Troubled Military Career" concentrates on one Confederate colonel who was special because he "began and ended his career" in the Southern army "as colonel of the Fifty-fifth Regiment, Georgia Volunteer Infantry." Such "dubious accomplishment is the subject of this essay."

Item VI deals with a Peace Democrat in the North: George Washington Woodward. Arnold Shankman encompasses Woodward's opinions in "For the Union As it Was and the Constitution As it Is: A Copperhead Views the Civil War." Woodward, a Pennsylvanian, regarded Lincoln as "an arbitrary despot." Shankman argues that

although Woodward was neither a politician nor a Copperhead of the first magnitude, he is as deserving of scholarly study "as several secondary Union and Confederate generals" who have been subjects for "impressive" biographies.

Professor Robertson presents "Chaplain Willian E. Wiatt: Soldier of the Cloth." His source is a recently discovered diary of remarkable quality. Wiatt's diary reflects that he was a good man devoted to the cause of righteousness. Wiatt served with the Twenty-sixth Virginia Infantry Regiment. He was unique in that he was the only "Holy Joe" the regiment ever had—Wiatt served with the unit for the entire war. Robertson concludes that Wiatt matches the stereotype prescribed for an ideal Confederate Chaplain.

The men of industry in the North provide Maury Klein with material for his essay entitled "The Boys Who Stayed Behind: Northern Industrialists and the Civil War." Klein includes a list of sixty business "leaders," aged 17-30, who did not see military service during the War. Manufacturers, meat packers, contractors, railroad directors, etc., make up the list. Most of the names are familiar to students of American history. Klein concludes that the "troubled waters" of the 1860s provided "good fishing" for those who were ambitious and alert to opportunity.

All in all, Robertson, McMurry and company have competently represented their mentor, Bell Irvin Wiley, the voice of "Johnny Reb" and "Billy Yank."

James L. Nichols
Stephen F. Austin State University

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION: *Southern Movement for Unity, 1848-1850.* By Thelma Jennings. (Memphis State Univ. Press, Memphis, TN 38152), 1980. Appendices, Notes, Bibliography, Index. p. 309. $16.95.

Here—I echo previous reviewers—is probably the definitive, final, and quintessentially tedious word on the Nashville Convention. Delegates from Southern states gathered in 1850 to consider secession, one decade earlier than it finally did occur. This history of that meeting is excellently researched, a standard for reference, but I cannot imagine anyone reading it for fun.

It is unclear exactly what were all the envisioned purposes of the convention; even contemporaries disagreed. The convention was an episode most characterized, from beginning to end, by ambivalence. But Jennings asserts that it contributed directly to the downfall of the Whig party, and it promoted the growth of a dominating Democratic party in the South, thus ending a previously-extant 15-year era of two-

party politics in the region. Indeed, the convention even doomed a national era of bisectional parties. But it also symbolized a national consensus; it strengthened those who worked for compromise: Jennings calls it "a landmark in regional cooperation." (p. 12).

Jennings posits the question, Why did John C. Calhoun—who had played a leading role in calling the convention—fail to form a united front of Southerners? Her answers include intraparty feuding among Southern Democrats; that for many Southern Democrats the preservation of the Union was more important than preservation of slavery or the Southern way of life—rather more so than Calhoun had thought; and that there existed enmities and rivalry for state control as well as sectionalism *within* some states.

Daniel Webster's "7th of March speech" did much to reassure moderates on both sides that compromise was not an impossibility, inspiring confidence in Southerners to a tension-relieving degree that conciliation would indeed be bearable after all. It is impossible to determine the effect of Calhoun's death, but in any event it deprived the convention's proponents of their leader, and no one emerged in his place. The ultimate epitomization of the "change in sentiment" reflected in the attitude of Albert Pike, who on April 15th utterly repudiated the convention, declaring that it would "do no good," and was "almost sure to do injury." (p. 97).

Chapter 6 contains a good analysis of the delegates' personal, economic, geographic, and political backgrounds, as well as their views on the convention and related topics, plus their participation in leading to its assemblage.

Selection of Nashville as the site showed the increasing importance of that city in the South and Southwest. In 1850 its population stood at 10,165, and it looked toward a decade of achievement. Its sobriquet, "Athens of the South" was appropriate recognition of its cultural characteristics. It was a "country city," and lots of Southern hospitality was shown the delegates.

The convention started in the Odd Fellows Hall, but that place proved too small, so the meeting moved to the McKendree Methodist Church, which accommodated 1,500 people (even by national standards, a rather large church building). Spectators provided welcome diversion . . . ladies enclosed the delegates on each side "like borders of flowers." (p. 142).

The passage of the Compromise of 1850 took away much of the momentum generated by the first session. Interest in the second session was much slighter. The nature of the delegates to the second session differed. Most of the new members were more radical. It was a smaller

group. They met at the Christian Church. The session ended in hasty confusion, but it did draft the "Georgia Platform."

Ironically, the Georgia Platform united the South more successfully than had the more blatantly secessionist "Nashville Platform." Why? Because the Georgia Platform accepted adjustment *within* the Union, and *that* was the Southern consensus in 1850. Yet, the Georgia Platform saved Southern pride and honor . . . it upheld the *legality* of secession . . . and placed responsibility for maintenance of the Union and of peace upon the North.

Although somewhat ineffectual, the convention was by no means insignificant; but it did fail in its more important purpose: to unify the South. Why did it fail? Because the convention was a movement of politicians, rather than the people . . . partisan politics produced division . . . a majority of the Southern people were never as disturbed as were some politicians; and lastly the convention proponents were not in total agreement on the purpose of their meeting.

Jenning's conclusions seem weak and less convincing than the rest of her work. The convention, she says, was *not* a failure (at least not completely). It paved the way for the existence of the Constitutional Union Party; occasioned weighing the merits of secession and ended in a choice for a preserved union; but also paved the way for the birth of the Confederacy in 1861.

Herman Hattaway
University of Missouri-Kansas City

Terrell's Texas Cavalry. By John Spencer. (Eakin Press, P.O. Box AG, Burnet, TX 78611), 1982. Bibliography, Index, Appendices. p. 199. $12.95.

This publication adds yet another piece to the mosaic picture of the Civil War in the Trans-Mississippi. In this case it is the history of the Thirty-Fourth Volunteer Texas Cavalry Regiment, more commonly called Terrell's Texas Cavalry. The author appears to have done an exhaustive job of researching his subject, the result of which is the definitive story of that organization of men.

This regiment, like so many from the Texas of that time, drew its volunteers from Smith, Wood, Anderson, Cherokee and other East Texas counties. After its organization in the Spring and Summer of 1863, the regiment spent its time in drilling, chasing some of its own deserters, and marching hither and yon to meet expected Federal threats. The most serious threat developed in the Spring of 1864 when U.S. forces under General N. P. Banks undertook the Red River Campaign. Along

with practically every able-bodied soldier in this department, Terrell's regiment was ordered to northwestern Louisiana to meet this threat. This regiment, now a part of General Richard Taylor's Confederate forces, was heavily engaged in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, Louisiana and the harrassing of Bank's retreating forces.

The author chronicles the history of this unit well, although it is a bit tedious in trying to sort out the other regiments and their leaders who fought along side of Terrell. In this respect perhaps an order of battle sketch, or sketches, of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill would have been helpful. Also of help to the reader who is not familiar with the geography of Louisiana would have been maps delineating the Red River Campaign. Since the author gave a brief history of the campaign one wonders why the Red River itself was not given more credit for "turning Confederate" by drying up and helping to thwart the federal campaign, especially in the dilemma faced by Admiral Porter and the gunboats at Alexandria.

These points are minor, however, and certainly one of the strongest contributions made by this book is the inclusion of the regimental rosters and the biographical sketches of the men appearing in the appendices. This will be appreciated by geneaologists for years to come and this feature alone warrants the purchase price of this book.

Robert W. Glover
Tyler Junior College

Six Months from Tennessee: A Story of the Many Pioneers of Miller County, Arkansas, Based upon the Life of Claiborne Wright. By Skipper Steely. (Henington Publishing Company, Wolfe City, Texas 75496), 1982. Illustrations, Appendix, Index. p. 184.

Claiborne Wright was one of those Americans born with an "itchy foot." A native of North Carolina, he moved to Carthage, Tennessee, around 1800 and attempted to settle into the life of a farmer and family man. Business ventures and restless curiousity, however, soon took him to Louisville and from there to New Orleans. These travels broadened Wright's horizons but did not fill his purse, and he decided to move to Texas in search of both adventure and wealth. On March 5, 1816, Wright, his wife, their five children, and four slaves left Carthage on a sixty-foot kellboat called the *Pioneer*. Six months later after 1,500 miles on the Cumberland, Ohio, Mississippi, and Red Rivers they arrived at Pecan Point in northeast Texas.

Wright, who built his first home south of the Red River and then within five years moved across the river to the north, settled in a land of uncertain ownership. Spain claimed that her province of Texas

extended to the Red River while the United States argued that the Louisiana Purchase included an indefinite area reaching to the Sabine River and the headwaters of the Trinity River. Soon after the Arkansas Territory was created in 1819, a large portion of present-day northeast Texas, southeastern Oklahoma, and southwestern Arkansas was designated as Miller County. Claiborne Wright as a first settler and a man of substance was elected to represent the new county on the Legislative Council of the Territory. His future seemed secure. By 1828, however, most of Miller County north of the Red River had been designated as part of the new Indian Territory, and Wright lost his property there. He and other settlers burned his home which had served as the Miller County Courthouse for seven years, and he moved south of the river into Mexican Texas. The next year he was fatally stabbed while helping break up a brawl. Claiborne Wright was only forty-five at his death. It seems likely that had he lived other areas of Texas would soon have beckoned.

Skipper Steely reconstructs Claiborne Wright's life and his role in Miller County on the basis of traditional research, family traditions, and admitted historical "fictions." It is a good story, although the inclusion of many flashbacks and sidelights makes it difficult to follow. Nevertheless, the reader is given a reasonably good feel for this pioneer with the "itchy foot" and for the problems and uncertainties of settling in northeast Texas at a time when ownership and boundaries were unclear.

Randolph B. Campbell
North Texas State University

The Old Home Place: Farming on the West Texas Frontier. By David L. Caffey. (Eakin Publications, P.O. Box 178, Burnet, TX 78611), 1981. Maps, Photographs, Notes. p. 213. $11.95.

The Caffey family arrived in Jones County in 1890 as settlers on the last frontier of Texas. As part of the mainstream of the Westward Movement, the Scotch-Irish family had moved, generation by generation, from Maryland to North Carolina to Tennessee to northeastern Mississippi before finally settling in the shinnery country south of Anson. There on the "old home place," Mart and Myra Caffey, surrounded by other Mississippi-born relatives, raised their family and farmed the land. The Caffeys produced no famous politicians (nor corrupt ones), no nouveau riche, not even a sheriff or a county commissioner (that may be to their credit).

The story of this family is that of the common experience of the average farm family in the region during the half-century from 1890 to the outbreak of World War II. Readers will find within these pages the

hardships, the simple pleasures, the values and especially the characters of rural life, like Mart Caffey, the frugal, hard working central figure of the narrative, and Edgar, the genial, not-so-serious brother horse and cow trader. Moreover, the book contains numerous descriptions of economic and social activities on a West Texas cotton farm, such as Myra Caffey sewing together cotton sacks on her Singer machine on the eve of harvesting, green boll fights among the boys, the construction of a typical "post and pier" house, the rural school, and changes brought about by the introduction of automobile, movies, radio, and the "aladdin" lamp.

David Caffey offers a number of interesting insights into farm life. He describes the work of Groundhog Ryan, the local well-digger, Sharp's Wagon Yard in Abilene, Mart Caffey's love of music but his prejudice against his children strumming stringed instruments ("Mart was convinced that anyone who played the guitar could come to no good" (p. 80), and the order of seating the large family at the dinner-table. Caffey's rationale for buying a tractor in the 1930s may have been unique. "When he did so, it wasn't so much out of an impulse to have the latest innovation, but simply as a practical solution to months of frustration in trying to match up a working team of mules" (p. 145).

The author relies primarily upon interviews with older members of the family for his sources, although he used background material gleaned from local newspapers and some standard secondary works. The only weaknesses in the book stem from occasional sketchy information dealing with the historical backdrop. For example, the author deals only in a general way with Texas land policy, the primary attraction of West Texas for the Caffey family. But overall he does a fine job, primarily in giving the reader a subjective "feel" for the Home Place and its inhabitants.

To this reviewer, whose maternal and paternal grandparents also settled on West Texas farms, the story of the Caffey family is familiar ground. Just as the fertile West Texas lands attracted our forebears, the hard times of farming coupled with the opportunities of an education and the bright lights of the cities pulled us away from the land. The Old Home Place no longer exists for the Caffeys and thousands of other descendants of farmers, now city-boys who occasionally drive down from Dallas or Midland or Oklahoma City to survey the land and ruins of small L- and T-shaped frame houses through misty eyes.

Donald E. Green
Central State University of Oklahoma

Gavels, Grit & Glory: The Billy Clayton Story. By Jimmy Banks. (Eakin Press, P.O. Box 178, Burnet, TX 78611), 1982. Illustrations, Index. p. 379. $15.95.

On his first prefatory page Jimmy Banks disavows footnotes since "they interrupt my train of thought when I'm reading." Where "necessary to cite a source," he adds, "I have quoted that source in the text . . . My general feeling is that if . . . all footnotes . . . were laid end to end, the world would be a far better place." (p. vii). This disclaimer of any pretension to scholarship is fortunate because Banks produces twenty-three chapters and 370 pages of text totally uncluttered by any attributes thereof.

Gavels, Grit & Glory is wholly within the genre of journalistic campaign biography. Accordingly, Banks approaches his subject reportorially and sympathetically.

That a person of no particular political background hailing from one of the least populous counties in one of the nation's most industrial states could achieve four elections to the speakership of the Texas House of Representatives is, to be sure, no mean political accomplishment. This is exactly what Billy Clayton did, however, and Banks attributes this success to Clayton's capacity for hard work and his reputation for total fairness in his dealings with all components of the political spectrum.

Banks opens his telling of the Billy Clayton story with a description of a tense courtroom in Houston where the Speaker was on trial for allegedly accepting bribe money—the upshot of the "Brilab" sting operation. The chapter terminates as the jury reenters U. S. District Judge Robert O'Connor's courtroom announcing that it had reached a verdict. Over 300 pages later one learns what the verdict was—assuming, of course, that one did not already know. In the intervening pages, Banks drops back to pick up Clayton family history for which he relies heavily upon a "family journal" kept since 1923 by Clayton's mother, Myrtle Chitwood Clayton. Extended quotations are taken from Mrs. Clayton's journal and they are among the more interesting aspects of the book. In turn, Banks covers Clayton's boyhood on the family's Lamb County farm, the unremitting labor of which left young Clayton uninspired; his matriculation at Texas A&M College; his first brush with politics while campaigning on behalf of Lyndon Johnson's presidential aspirations in 1960; and his election to the Texas House of Representatives two years later. Clayton's legislative career gets more detailed treatment as it is followed through various episodes and issues to his first election to the speakership in 1975 and through an unprecedented four terms in that office which tradition had restricted to two.

In the latter chapters, one finds repeated references to Clayton's

ambitions to state-wide office—and they are more like announcements than speculations. His decision not to seek reelection to the House in 1982, coupled with the timely appearance of this biography, would seem to suggest that the Texas electorate may expect soon to hear from the farmer-businessman from Springlake. In any event, the twenty-three chapters of *Gavels, Grit & Glory* are as twenty-three palm fronds strewn in the former Speaker's path toward whatever political Jerusalem he chooses. In fact, Clayton's eventual success could indeed turn *Gavels, Grit & Glory* into something of a historical document in and of itself.

Those who observe the Austin scene carefully and from close proximity are likely to learn little from this book, while casual observers or newcomers may find new information and insights into the politics of Texas. Billy Clayton, however, commands the attention of Texas historians simply because he was a powerful and effective political leader during a critical, transitional period.

But perhaps most importantly, and in addition to Banks' intended purpose, his reporting of the "Brilab" episode raises profoundly important questions. If it is true that Speaker Clayton was a victim of highly questionable, if not downright illegal, procedures on the part of investigatory agencies (and I agree with Banks' view that he was) then any citizen of conscience must protest. For it makes no difference whether the victim is a conservative leader of a state legislature, a civil rights activist, or an anti-war militant, such abuses of power bode ill for the health of the American republic.

Frederick W. Rathjen
West Texas State University

Dining With the Cattle Barons: Yesterday and Today. By Sarah Morgan. (Texian Press, P.O. Box 1684, Waco, TX 76703), 1981. Index. p. 133. $13.95.

Sarah Morgan evidently has a "thing" about food and cooking; she has previously published four cookbooks, and her newest is called *Dining With the Cattle Barons,* a sort of annotated travelogue through the dining rooms and kitchens of sixteen of the great ranches of Texas. She tells us that the ranches chosen for visits are limited to those that have at least a fifty year history of being working ranches, and are also those well known for their generous hospitality.

Each chapter of the book describes a visit to one of the ranches, and begins with a short history of the ranch itself. Since the bibliography is short and rather general, evidently much of the ranch history material was obtained from interviews. Mrs. Morgan does a good job of describing the ranch houses and kitchens, and her recipes are interesting and usable.

One of the things that bothered me badly about this book is the constant repetition of the phrases "cattle barons" and "baronesses," unwieldy phrases that get no better with frequent use. I counted them used in the book thirty times. There are other examples of careless writing; all of these objections could have been cured by more careful editing. Perhaps more serious is my feeling that none of the recipes are really unusual; it sounds as if the ranch people ate and cooked about like the rest of the people in Texas.

Mrs. Morgan says of her "cattle barons and baronesses:" "They combined the most diverse cultures—the gracious traditions of the old south, the rough but open-handed customs of the western frontier, the leisurely sensuality of Old Mexico, and the formal conventions of Scotland, England, Sweden, and other European countries, to establish a heritage of entertaining and cuisine unparalleled in American history. It is this special heritage that I have tried to capture in this book." I think she does do this; I just do not agree that the heritage is all that unique.

In any case, collectors of cookbooks and collectors of Texana will both want to acquire a copy of *Dining With the Cattle Barons*. It would also make a nice gift.

Marjorie L. Williams
Austin, Texas

The New South and the "New Competition," Trade Association Development in the Southern Pine Industry. By James E. Fickle. (University of Illinois Press, 54 East Gregory Drive, Box 5081, Champaign, IL 61820), 1980. Bibliography, Index, Illustrations. p. 435. $17.50.

Much has been written about the lumbering industry in the South—from its genesis in colonial Virginia to today's far-flung timber corporations—but the writers have, to a great extent, neglected the role of associations in the industry's development.

James E. Fickle, associate professor of history at Memphis State University, takes a thorough look at the relationships between trade associations and the lumbering industry, particularly in the South.

His analysis of the Southern Pine Association, as well as other groups which rose and fell between the 1880s and the mid-twentieth century, provides an understanding of the economic, political and social problems of the South's timbering companies.

Fickle did a superb job of delving into corporate and trade association files, and his study offers a little-seen view of corporate attitudes

toward competition, government, labor, race relations and foreign affairs during the period.

Much of Fickle's work was in East Texas, where a strong timber industry played a pivotal role in the development of many of the early trade associations, and he devotes an appropriate amount of attention to the East Texas segment of the industry.

Bob Bowman
Delta Drilling Company, Tyler

A Band of Prophets. Edited by William C. Havard and Walter Sullivan. (Louisiana State Univ. Press, Baton Rouge, LA 70803), 1982. Notes. p. 190. $12.95.

I recall as a graduate student in the mid-sixties reading *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition* (1930) and smugly dismissing it as a quaint and futile, although eloquent, call for a return to a then-vanishing way of life. Other readers have had the same reaction over the years. Time has proven us wrong and proven the "Twelve Southerners" to be insightful critics of a society rushing pell-mell into a depersonalized, urban-industrial condition.

This book of essays grew out of a fiftieth anniversary commemoration of the publication of *I'll Take My Stand* held at Vanderbilt University in 1980. One of the book's strengths are the diverse viewpoints presented by academics in various fields. Historian Charles Roland presents an excellent overview of the South in the 1920s, out of which came *I'll Take My Stand.* Sociologist John Shelton Reed sees the sectionalism of the authors as in fact a species of cultural, economic, and political nationalism. The essays of several English professors are included. According to Lewis Simpson, the Agrarians sought to restore the forces of myth and tradition in a society fast losing its roots. Robert Heilman argues similarly that *I'll Take My Stand* "clearly belongs to a strong, nonlocalized tradition of dissent against the commercial, and then the industrial, dogma of well-being" (p. 107). George Core examines the "uneasy relation" between the Agrarian authors and the universities with which they were associated. Core and Louis Rubin stress the literary, pastoral, and especially poetic qualities of the book.

However, the high point of *A Band of Prophets* is the discussion (moderated by Cleanth Brooks) by the three surviving Agrarians: Lyle Lanier, Andrew Lytle, and Robert Penn Warren. They prove to be humorous, up-to-date, and remarkably perceptive of the ills of modern American society. Today's most enthusiastic, ecology-minded young person would feel right at home with this group. Here is magnificent

affirmation that old age is no barrier to contemporaneity. It is now clear that *I'll Take My Stand* was less a call to the past than a warning about the future. As Andrew Lytle says, "although nobody considered himself a prophet, we seemed far better prophets than we knew" (p. 165). Perhaps we should all re-read *I'll Take My Stand.*

William F. Mugleston
Mountain View College

Houston by Stages. By Sue Dauphin. (Eakin Press, P.O. Box 178, Burnet, TX 78611), 1981. Bibliography, Index. p. 498. $24.95.

The deepest impression left after reading this account of theater life in Houston and its surroundings is the abiding interest people have in stage productions. Theaters are a predictable part of urban life. There is always someone ready to spend the money, put in the time, produce a show, and hope for success. The show, indeed, goes on. Why? The author, unfortunately, does not address that question. The book is not analytical in that respect.

It is mainly about the success and failure of actors, theaters, organizations, and directors. There are several chapters offering a thin narrative history and then a long series of short, choppy accounts of various groups. These descriptions include important institutions such as the Alley Theatre, Theatre Incorporated, Houston Little Theatre, and Houston Grand Opera. They also include schools, churches, dinner theaters, and private organizations. The greatest fun occurs in the small community groups which endure all sorts of unusual conditions. The Pasadena Little Theatre, for example, once had a resident possum stroll casually across the stage during a performance and shuffle under a sofa.

Sue Dauphin who has been a critic of theater for Houston newspapers and radio for a decade has a great breadth of personal knowledge. This is apparent in the book. The difficulty is that there are no footnotes and only a two-page bibliography. There is no reason to doubt her veracity, but also there is no way to follow sources of information. This will be a frustration for the sophisticated reader. The index, however, is extensive and useful.

David McComb
Colorado State University

Knights of the Green Cloth: The Saga of the Frontier Gamblers. By Robert K. DeArment. (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73069), 1982. Notes, Bibliography, Index. p. 423. $17.50.

The frontier gambler is a familiar figure in the cast of stereotyped characters who inhabited the American West during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Along with gunfighters, prostitutes, outlaws, and other desperadoes, stories of the gambler's shrewd deals, quick riches, tempestuous love affairs, and violent lives and deaths have been embellished in books and movies to produce the popular image of the Bret Maverick type, in a dirty business but endowed with a heart of gold. This book tells the story of numerous outstanding members of this select society of wayward suitors of lady luck. DeArment categorizes his heroes as Aces, with extraordinary skill; Kings, who used their gambling prowess and ambition to achieve power; Queens, the few notorious women in a man's game; and Knaves, the crooked gamblers.

Within each of these cleverly styled divisions, the reader encounters a deck stacked full of the most noted figures in many different towns and situations throughout the West. Each account gives detailed treatment of a gambler who achieved fame or notoriety in his/her chosen profession. This book demonstrates extensive research in secondary works and local newspapers to provide local flavor and detail about the exploits of gamblers in the West; it offers little insight about the context in which these people played their games of chance. Except for a few scattered references about the turbulent times and the notion that all Westerners were gamblers in a sense, the reader gains only an intimate knowledge of the adventures of individual gamblers. Reading this book is much like shooting in a gallery where no sooner is one target shot down than another (perhaps of a slightly different shape) replaces it in endless succession. The absence of serious consideration of gamblers in the context of urban development, law enforcement, social history, or other complementary themes leaves us with a compilation of too many interesting stories. The author does not pretend or promise such consideration. He has presented an attractively designed and illustrated, readable and entertaining chronicle of the lives of the frontier gamblers. For those who are curious about gamblers in the American West, this book will provide all the necessary details; those desiring or expecting a history of gambling in the American West must continue to look elsewhere.

Michael Everman
Missouri Cultural Heritage Center
University of Missouri - Columbia

Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests. By Francis P. Porcher. (Reprint edition by Arno Press, 3 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016), 1970. p. XXV plus 601. $46.50

The poor whites that left Virginia and the Carolinas in the eighteenth century and began their generations-long trek to the west didn't have doctors with them. But maybe they never had. That's why when the earliest settlers came to this New World they began to look for their medicines in the soil and in the plants that grew from it. By the time of the Civil War Southerners had had a hundred years of folk medicine practice which they had cultivated through trial and error and had learned from their Indian neighbors. This wealth of knowledge is the heart of Francis P. Porcher's *Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests, Medicinal, Economical, and Agricultural.* The title continues: "Being Also a Medical Botany of the Confederate States; with Practical Information on the Useful Properties of the Trees, Plants, and Shrubs."

Porcher prepared the *Resources* for the Surgeon-General of the Confederate States in 1863: "Now is the time when all the art and science that we possess should be put in requisition to the great end of our sectional independence." Porcher's book is a catalogue of Southern plant life with full discussions of all the uses—medicinal and otherwise—that various trees, plants, and shrubs could be put. As a doctor, Porcher was most attendant to the properties that were medically applicable, but he also discussed woods used in building, barrel making, fencing, and charcoal preparation, for instance. The fruit of the chestnut, he informs us, can be eaten boiled or raw, and it can be ground into a flour for the making of bread. The bark contains tannin and can be used in tanning leather. Early growth makes good hoops and tool handles. The wood is rot resistant and can be used in fencing and as gate posts. It is good for furniture construction, and because it does not shrink nor impart a foreign color or taste and it can be used in barrel making. The roots of the chinquapin, a close relative of the chestnut, boiled in milk is used to prevent diarrhea in teething children, and a decoction of the root and bark can be used as a substitute for quinine.

Porcher gives the same attention to the other four hundred trees, shrubs and plants, and the whole is indexed according to the plant and its properties. Although some of the popular and scientific names have changed since 1863, *Resources* is generally accurate taxonomically.

I am much impressed with Porcher's *Resources.* It is the most complete collection of botanical folk cures and uses that I have ever examined. I strongly recommend the book because of its historical and folklore value and because much of the information is still practical and applicable. The book is also very readable and entertaining and is a

mine of information for anyone interested in botany and botanical history.

Francis Edward Abernethy
Stephen F. Austin State University
and the Texas Folklore Society

The War with Spain in 1898. By David F. Trask. *The Macmillan Wars of the United States,* Louis Morton, General Editor. (Macmillan Publishing Co., 866 Third Avenue, New York New York 10022), 1981. Notes, Mapes, Index. p. 654. $29.95.

David Trask, one of America's foremost military historians, does not disappoint us with this volume. To use the plainest words, he has produced, unquestionably, the best work ever written on the Spanish-American War. It was a history waiting to be written, and Trask did it with impeccable research, precise writing and a calm approach which eschews repetitious cant. It is likely that the only detractors of Trask's work will be those inflexible historians who narrowly squint at imperialism from the vantage point of their own precious prejudices.

Not that Trask denies the imperial imperative but he puts it in perspective and refuses to accept it as the solitary cause for the war. Furthermore, he forthrightly projects President William McKinley and Secretary of the Navy John Long as brave if reluctant bearers of modern civilization; and he sagely comprehends that the "white man's burden" has too long been judged by its adjectives rather than its noun. Of course, there is criticism, and Trask does not shrink from giving it. Nelson A. Miles, Russell A. Alger, and William T. Sampson receive their fair share; but, conversely, Trask offers a complimentary portrait of that able soldier-servant, Henry C. Corbin.

The book is so good that this reviewer hesitates to offer any adverse criticism whatsoever for fear that a minor detraction will result in magnification; yet, one might be noted. Despite a growing view to the contrary, Trask's included, the army's difficulties were severe. As the politically perceptive Roosevelt once noted, "Algerism is a heavy load to carry." The resolution of that historical problem awaits additional attention. The preceding notwithstanding, this excellent volume is superior in every way and is a credit both to its able author and to the high standard of American historiography.

James W. Pohl
Southwest Texas State University

Army Generals and Reconstruction Louisiana, 1862-1877. By Joseph G. Dawson III. (Louisiana State Univ. Press, Baton Rouge, LA 70803), 1982. Appendices, Bibliography, Index. p. 294. $25.00 cloth, $8.95 paper.

As Joseph G. Dawson III states in his "Introduction," "This period [Reconstruction] of military domination over a section of the nation was unique in American history." Never before or since has the United States Army played such a role within the confines of the United States. Using Louisiana as a case study, Dawson traces the history of Reconstruction from Admiral David Farragut's victory in April 1862 to the final evacuation of troops from the state in 1877. The focus is on the role of the commanding generals in the state and how they perceived their role. Fourteen different generals held the post of commander in Louisiana during the fifteen years of Reconstruction. All shared the frustrations of attempting to "reconstruct" the citizens of the state and none can be said to have achieved any permanent results in the face of a largely hostile white population.

Dawson divides the era into two phases: the first from 1862 to 1869 when the army had its greatest influence and when the commanding generals overshadowed the actions of state civil officials; the second from 1869 to 1877 when the ability of the army to dominate declined and the civilian authorities asserted more control. In the second phase the situation of blacks and members of the Republican Party became more and more precarious.

The author has written a perceptive account of the almost untenable position of the army during Reconstruction. If commanders sought to reconstruct the South as Radical Republicans wished, they would alienate most of the white population. With limited numbers of soldiers they had to be careful not to overreach their ability to control the situation. If, on the other hand, the commanders played a more passive role, the whites (overwhelmingly Democrats) would use such an opportunity to intimidate blacks and those Republicans who held office because of the presence of the army. This is the theme of the book, and, as Dawson demonstrates, none of the generals in charge ever mastered a solution for the dilemma.

What is evident from the narrative is how, by the mid 1870s, the nation had grown tired of the whole concept of Reconstruction. Dawson's research illustrates the predicament of any occupying army that is seeking to force a civilian population to behave contrary to its wishes. The book succeeds in presenting the history of military rule in Louisiana as perceived by its commanding generals.

William L. Taylor
Plymouth State College

The King's Coffer. By Amy Bushnell. (The University Presses of Florida, 15 N.W. 15th Street, Gainesville, FL 32603), 1982. Notes, Bibliography, Index. p. 198. $20.00.

Bushnell has accomplished a painstaking and demanding research project. She has indeed made a worthwhile contribution to the existing literature on Florida's colonial history. Utilizing correspondence between the Spanish crown and its governors and treasury officials in the Florida colony, Bushnell examines the reaction and interaction between them during the Hapsburg era, from 1565, when St. Augustine was founded, to 1702, when the city observed the change in ruling houses.

The book treats in detail those crown officials who had jurisdiction over the Royal Treasury. From a detailed examination of data, the book analyzes the sources of crown revenue for the King's Coffer, or Royal Treasury, in Florida. Revenues were generated from taxes imposed on the people of the Florida colony and the *situado,* or crown subsidy. The author skillfully infers from the research that while the treasury was always in need of additional finances, the appointees to the treasury were men who, for the most part, reflected declining professional standards. Treasury officials lacked the competence, integrity, and professional competence to hold office. Yet, in spite of this and conflicting jurisdictional claims of local officials, there was a degree of flexibility within the Spanish centralized bureaucracy which enabled the system to function.

Against the background analysis of the Spanish treasury bureaucracy in Florida, the book surveys the social structure, economic growth, Spanish-Indian relations, and foreign threats to the St. Augustine colony. Florida was a colony beset by problems: the lack of a consistent flow of revenues, almost constant warfare with the Indians of the area, followed by French, Dutch, and English conflicts, epidemics, and a declining population base made the survival of the colony a remarkable achievement.

The book is solidly researched and intelligently written. The appendices and glossary provide the reader added insight to a period of Florida's history heretofore neither thoroughly understood, nor adequately explored.

Richard B. Chardkoff
Northeastern University, Monroe

Log Cabin Village. By Terry G. Jordan. (Texas State Historical Association, Richardson Hall 2/306, Univ. Station, Austin, TX 78712), 1981. Glossary, Bibliography, Index. p. 146. $15.00 cloth, $6.95 paper.

Were it not for one serious flaw, this beautifully designed book would be a model guidebook for an outdoor museum. Even as it stands, it is a far better guidebook than the museum, which is administered by the Fort Worth Parks and Recreation Department, deserves.

The log cabin village was created in the late 1950's by a group of North Texas businessmen who were sincerely interested in preserving the log architecture of Texas. A frank and detailed history of the project by Nevin Neal serves as an introduction to the book. The bulk of the text is an excellent essay on log construction in Texas by Terry Jordan, followed by photographs of each of the seven houses in the Village by Elna Wilkinson and a catalogue of important objects in them by Bettie Register and Selden Wallace, and complemented by fine drawings by Tony Crosby. Unfortunately, none of these people were involved in the creation of the Village. As Dr. Neal's history reveals, this was done without the involvement of any professional historians, anthropologists, or restoration achitects. As a result, the seven houses that were moved there were literally butchered, and the very cultural resources that the museum was designed to protect were destroyed. A careful reading of the old photographs included in the book shows that, in an attempt to make the houses conform to the organizers' conception of mid-nineteenth century log houses, clapboard siding was stripped away, rooms were removed, floor plans were altered, and roofs and chimneys were rebuilt. At the two-story Henry Foster house, clapboards were removed and a rear wall was stripped away to create a "dog run" passage through the center of the house. The Issac Seela house lost three rooms; the Thomas Shaw house was given a stone facade on one side and a waterwheel was added to it, turning it into a mill. The Issac Parker house was transformed from an elegant structure with clapboards, brick chimneys, a rear ell, an exterior staircase, boxed columns, and nine-over-six windows into a double-pen log house with doors in place of windows.

Not one word of the text is devoted to an explanation for these drastic alterations, nor is any evidence advanced to support them. Granted that such extreme "restoration" was once fashionable, even though professionals were speaking out against it in the 1950's, it is now regarded as outright vandalism, and any guidebook to such severely restored structures must take this into account and deal with it forthrightly. Some explanation is needed to bridge the gap between the old photographs and the contemporary ones, and, in this case, that explanation should be cautionary.

The book is equally unsatisfactory on the question of furnishings. Dr. Neal is silent on the question of research for furnishings, and on the matter of historic furnishing plans for the houses. He does say that a call went out for items "100 years or older" to put in the houses. The result is a collection of antiques ranging, according to the catalogue, from the seventeenth to the late nineteenth centuries, some of them with a history of use in Texas and some of them highly improbable.

In summary, it would appear that this book itself is the first attempt made by the Log Cabin Village to take its educational task seriously. One wishes that Dr. Jordan, who is now Webb Professor of History at the University of Texas at Austin, and Mr. Crosby, who is a restoration architect at the National Park Service's Denver Service Center, could be directly involved in the future of the Village.

Lonn Taylor
Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

Essays on Frontiers in World History. By George Wolfskill and Stanley Palmer. (University of Texas Press, P.O. Box 7819, Austin, TX 78712), 1982. Select Bibliography. p. 151. $15.00.

Somewhere in the memory bank is a piece of historical, sociological and political science jargon, the so-called "saddle-land" where cultures meet, mingle and produce a culture not quite like either of the other two, but similar enough to each that anyone can recognize it as a bastardized version of whichever one wants to choose. Such places are readily recognizable, i.e., the Rio Grande valley on this continent; on the European scene the Rhine area and the Low Countries are examples. If the "frontier" is a place where the process of trans-acculturation takes place as Michael Tate says it is, then the history of mankind on this planet is the story of frontier development, constantly in flux, and shows that the question of how the frontier affects national history puts the cart before the horse—what happens is that traditions already developed affect the frontier.

What these five essays illustrate is how in North America, South America, Africa and Australia various ethnic groups subjugated land and, if possible, the people on it, during the process of cultural transplantation rather than the process of trans-acculturation. That someone got trampled under the European boot is only incidental, and hardly do we find a muffled groan of compassion for the people dispossessed. Perhaps that is only because those who invade, dispossess, and subjugate are people.

What we learn from these papers is that Europeans, whether they be English, Dutch, Spanish, French, Portugese or what have you, when

they are in an expansive mood, are a rather scruffy lot. And it makes no difference whether they are Spanish Grandees or English cutthroats, the end is the same. They will dominate, and the natives will accept it or die.

What we do not learn from these essays is just what a frontier is. But we learn what comparative frontier history is—an ugly portrait realistically painted of how inhuman humans can be.

Ert J. Gum
University of Nebraska at Omaha

From Memory to History: Using Oral Sources in Local Historical Research. By Barbara Allen and Lynwood Montell. (American Association for State and Local History, 1400 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203), 1981. Appendix, Bibliography and Index. p. 172. $12.50.

Public and academic acceptance of the use of oral sources in historical research has been enhanced greatly by the publication of the works of Alex Haley and Studs Terkel. The popularity and accuracy of these author's oral histories has generated an ever-growing interest in and appreciation for history at the local level.

However, as increasing numbers of people became aware of the abundant material available in oral sources, they were faced with methodological problems. What oral information is historically important? How should this information be recorded? How are standard historical gauges of accuracy applied to oral sources? *From Memory to History* has been written to answer not only these questions, but also to serve as a guide in evaluating and incorporating oral information in historical research.

From Memory to History is a brief, straightforward handbook for the local historian, serving as a guide for locating and interpreting oral materials. Specific topics discussed by husband-and-wife authors Barbara Allen and Lynwood Montell include the relevance of local history, characteristics of oral history as differentiated from formal, written history, tests for validity—that is, historical and content and accuracy—of orally communicated history, and methods of incorporating oral materials into a written historical account.

From Memory to History is a timely and useful book, written by authors well-acquainted with this long-neglected source of valuable historical information. Based on sound judgment and keen insight, this book will be a valuable resource for individuals interested in oral history.

W. Edwin Derrick
Langston University

Wording Your Way Through Texas. By Herman F. Benthul. (Eakin Publications, Eakin Press-Nortex Press, P.O. Box 178, Burnet, TX 78611), 1981. Summary of Key Words and Acknowledgements. p. 241. $14.95.

Pulling from many types of Texana, books, magazines, and other publications, an interesting collection of Texas words and place names are combined in this book to provide the reader with an understanding of the varied languages used to denote things and places in Texas. The author proves that the six flags over Texas surely can be seen in the words used to describe the state's language. He is able to show the reader how deeply steeped historical figures and places are in Texas towns and county names, ranging from Biblical times to presidents of the United States, heroes to adventurers, Indians to Europeans. Benthul, a native Texan, whether by intent or accidental, makes the reader realize the complexity of Texas words and names.

The book, which is divided into six major categories, has a summary of key word origins and meanings after each category which would be helpful if one is looking for a particular word. The most interesting and historically significant category is the one entitled "Heart Words of Headlines Haunts," which gives a brief history of many of the towns in Texas. The focus seems to be on East Texas, using more examples from that area than from others. Adding to the attractiveness of the book are maps and art work done by Joyce B. Terrell, daughter of the author. This book would be an addition to any library serving the interest of Texas buffs. However, it would not be as valuable for research because it is not footnoted and has no bibliography, with the exception of acknowledgements.

Linda Cross
Tyler Junior College

A Comparative View of French Louisiana, 1699 and 1762: The Journals of Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville and Jean-Jacques-Blaise d'Abbadie. Translated, edited, and annotated by Carl A. Brasseaux. (Center for Louisiana Studies, Box 40831, Univ. of Southwestern Louisiana, Lafayette, Louisiana 70504), 1979. Index, Appendix. p. 152.

Tales of Old Louisiana. By Thomas J. Carruth. (Center for Louisiana Studies, Box 40831, Univ. of Southwestern Louisiana, Lafayette, LA 70504), 1979. Illustrations. p. 161. $15.95.

Carl A. Brasseaux presents an interesting comparative view of Louisiana at the beginning and end of the period of French colonization. In doing so, he uses the journal of Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville detailing the months from December 31, 1698 to May 3, 1699 and the journal of Jean-Jacques-Blaise d'Abbadie recounting the months from June 21, 1763 to December 20, 1764. Both Frenchmen were excellent choniclers of Louisiana, its people, and natural environment. But their emphases differed. Iberville, in searching for the Mississippi River and then exploring it, presented many personal observations of the local Indian tribes and their cultures as well as vivid physical descriptions of the river area of lower Louisiana. D'Abbadie, director-general charged with the transfer of Louisiana to England and Spain following the French and Indian War, described his brief administration emphasizing his handling of religious, military, and especially Indian affairs. The tone of the two journals also differed radically—Iberville's account is marked by the excitement of an explorer expanding the colonial prestige of France while d'Abbadie's journal reflects the tedious work of dismantling an unsuccessful colony.

Brasseaux has done an excellent job editing both journals. His research in identifying people, places, and events is meticulous and thorough. His extensive knowledge of French Louisiana's literature makes his footnotes valuable reading in themselves. The one weakness of the study is its lack of maps protraying Iberville's voyage to Louisiana. Much of his journal is concerned with his voyage to Louisiana and his careful exploration of the Gulf Coast in search of the Mississippi River. Several maps depicting the places mentioned in the early part of his journal would have enhanced the volume. However, it does include a useful map of the Mississippi River area.

In a lighter vein, *Tales of Old Louisiana* is entertaining and informative reading for anyone interested in the history of the state. Thomas J. Carruth was a native Louisianian who spent most of his life as a teacher in the state's public schools. For nineteen years after his retirement until his death in 1970, Carruth dabbled in Louisiana history, becoming a regular contributor to the *Dixie-Roto Magazine,* a Sunday

supplement of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* and other newspapers. *Tales of Louisiana* consists of ninety-five of Carruth's articles ranging from the Spanish explorer, DeSoto, to the late nineteenth century. The articles deal with the unusual, the interesting, the little-known vignettes of Louisiana history. They include a wide variety of topics—Indian tales and customs, heroes and villains, floods and hurricanes, hangings and duels, elections and filibusters, balls and romantic encounters, and many others. Carruth's vignettes range in length from a short paragraph to several pages and all have catchy titles such as "My Client Is a Bedbug," "The Chief Was a Woman," and "High Water and High Spirits." The articles are illustrated by *Picayune* staff artists Sam Guillot, Alex P. Imphang, and U. M. Floyd.

Tales of Old Louisiana is light, entertaining reading and, as such, is delightful. Like any newspaper contributor, Carruth was seeking readership by making Louisiana history "fun" reading. In so doing, he has performed a valuable service in preserving the folk tales of the state and bringing its rich historical and cultural heritage to a wide audience.

Marietta M. LeBreton
Northwestern State University, Natchitoches

The Venturers—The Hampton, Harrison and Earle Families of Virginia, South Carolina and Texas. By Virginia G. Meynard. (Southern Historical Press, P.O. Box 738, Easley, SC 29640), 1981. Bibliography, Index. p. 114. $42.50.

This volume is more than a simple genealogy. Part I contains a detailed family history which has been carefully researched and documented. Notes are given by chapter in the back of the book. Part II contains the family genealogy which is presented in a form which is easy to follow. The numbering system used is the one recommended by the National Genealogical Society. This volume contains twenty-three genealogical charts and 107 photographs of early family members and homes. Partial histories of over a hundred allied families are given.

This book will be an excellent addition to any genealogical library. It is interesting whether you are related to the family or not. Mrs. Meynard is to be commended for collecting and publishing this wealth of data on these families.

Carolyn Ericson
Nacogdoches, Texas

Identifying American Furniture, A Pictorial Guide to Styles and Terms, Colonial to Contemporary. By Milo M. Naeve. (The American Association for State & Local History, 1400 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203), 1981. Photographs, Index, Further Reading. p. 87.

This survey of American furniture styles over four centuries is an excellent and delightful aid to anyone interested in furniture. Mr. Naeve has completed an awesome task in producing a book that handsomely fulfills the desire of the American Association for State & Local History. That desire was to have a "guide for identifying the style of a specific example, yet a broad survey for styles throughout our history."

As curator of the Department of American Arts at The Art Institute of Chicago, the author realized the need for an easy-to-use guide to the styles of American furniture. His arrangement of illustrations, notated stylistic elements, and essay type explanation—all on a two page spread for each style—is a vast improvement over most books on furniture. One does not have to read a style description and flip pages searching for the corresponding illustration. The structural details, motifs, and designs of each style are easily noted by the novice student of American furniture and interior design and most certainly appreciated by any appraiser, collector, or curator. The essays accompanying each well-illustrated style are brief and interesting summaries that include basic characteristics of the style, new furniture forms begun in each style, woods used, and other helpful guidelines. The combination of chronological order, description of the evolution of each style, and the European influence on them surely will create a better understanding of American furniture styles for anyone interested in furniture.

One must remember, as the author points out in his preface, that this handbook is a classification of American *styles,* not political periods, craftsmen or design sources, etc. His names for the various styles are those of common usage.

This concise, efficiently organized book is a tribute to the knowledge, ability, and experience of Mr. Naeve. It would be indispensable to those learning the styles of American furniture.

Sammie Russell, member
Appraisers Association of America
The Squash Blossom Shop
Nacogdoches, Texas

The Unpretentious Pose: The Work of E. O. Goldbeck, A People's Photographer. By Marguerite Davenport. (Trinity University Press, San Antonio, Texas), 1981. Photographs, Facsimile, Bibliographic Essay, Indexes. p. 191. $25.00.

The Unpretentious Pose is an attractive and significant addition to the visual history of Texas. It reproduces almost one hundred works of San Antonio commercial photographer Eugene Omar Goldbeck. Mostly photographs from the 1920s and 1930s, they were chosen for the most part from the approximately 60,000 negatives and prints which he turned over in 1967 to the University of Texas at Austin, where the collection is now housed in the Humanities Research Center.

Featured in fold-out pages are some of his Cirkut camera images. Goldbeck was a master of this remarkable camera, which could record a 360° exposure through a vertical slot in a rotating film box onto 6- or 10-inch by up to 12½ foot lengths of film. The so-called "flamboyant octogenarian" was still enjoying the Cirkut format, chiefly for color work, as this volume went to press.

Not a biography—such is the disclaimer—it is a fascinating biography. This paradox is resolved as the reader-viewer interacts with Goldbeck's works, his masses of people, his landscapes, his social scenes. Born in 1892, he was the grandson of New Braunfels settlers who grew up in San Antonio and reached maturity as American aviation was coming of age in the vicinity of his home town.

Marguerite Davenport sees the work of commercial photographers like E. O. Goldbeck as an important corrective to the cliché photographic record of flapper or migrant, which oversimplify two complex decades. For this clean, uncluttered volume, she chose representations of both the "actualities" and the "ideals" of the era, which are both "regional depictions of life in Southwest Texas" and illustrations of "the broad spectrum of middle-class America" to provide "details of our material culture" not found in the images of documentary photography nor in Hollywood's reconstructions.

In addition to the photographer himself, the author drew on broad sources such as histories, journals, newspapers, and published literature to create an appropriate cultural context for the photographs. Words and pictures, as photojournalism theorizes, coalesce. They produce the mental image of an energetic, adventurous, insatiably curious human being who has captured and preserved fleeting records of Einstein posing with Hopi Indians, of San Antonio citizens frolicking on Galveston's beaches, of street scenes and wheels and wings and baptisms and mountains and families, and of course, the Alamo. These, in turn, become "more than 'separate frames of truth.'"

Ouida Whitaker Dean
Nacogdoches, Texas

The Ambidextrous Historian. By C. L. Sonnichsen. (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019), 1981. Notes, Bibliography, Index. p. 120. $9.95.

This little gem is for the nonprofessional regional historian. It shows that a worthwhile contribution can be made to our national heritage by other than professional historians. It is also a philosophy for self-reliance in historical research.

The author stresses accuracy of research and the vital necessity of obtaining accurate information on the values of the era about which one is writing. He cites the attitude of the pioneer toward the Indian, contrasted with present day attitudes, as an example.

Included are such other topics as the availability of research material, severely limited library staffs, the care and feeding of editors, sources of publishers, the heartbreak of typographical errors, and the forbidding world of self-publication.

The author draws freely on a long career in writing the history of the Southwest. Underlying all, however, is a basic philosophy that writing history is not just for professionals. The member of "The Order of Minor Historians" can preserve aspects of our heritage which might otherwise be lost. This philosophy is as valid in any part of our nation as it is in the Southwest.

Howard L. Sandefer
Maritime Institute of Technology

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERS

University of Texas at Tyler, Tyler
Huntington State Bank, Huntington
St. Regis Paper Company, Lufkin
Temple-Eastex, Inc., Diboll
Lufkin National Bank, Lufkin
Texas Foundaries, Inc., Lufkin
The Lufkin News, Lufkin
Lufkin Industries, Inc., Lufkin
Republic Bank of Lufkin, Lufkin
Lufkin Federal Savings and Loan Association
Sam Houston State University, Huntsville
Lamar State University
The Texas Forestry Museum, Lufkin, Texas
Cartwright Real Estate, San Augustine
Chireno State Bank, Chireno
East Texas Oil Museum, Kilgore College, Kilgore
Commercial National Bank, Nacogdoches
Fredonia State Bank, Nacogdoches


EAST TEXAS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
1962